Vol. CXLI. No. 1833.

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THE BYSTANDER February 1, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued*

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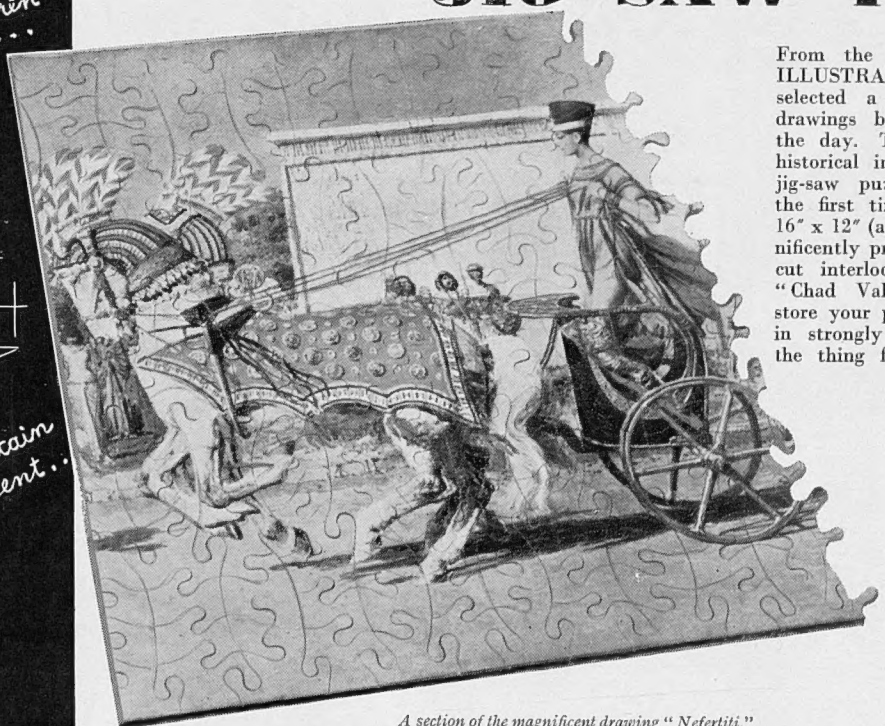

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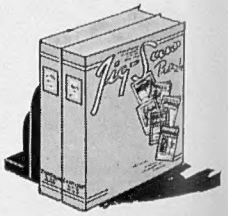


No. 1833. Vol. CXLI

The Bystander

Anthony

Margot Fonteyn as the Princess Aurora

To-morrow night Margot Fonteyn will dance the Princess Aurora for the first time, at the gala premiere of *The Sleeping Princess* at Sadler's Wells. This makes ballet history and, above all, English ballet history. The great Tchaikowsky-Petipa creation has only been seen in England during the brief months in 1921 when Diaghileff's superb revival was given night after night to a half-empty Alhambra, with Trefilova, Egorova, Spessiva, and Lopokova alternating in the title-role, and an astonishing wealth of fine dancers in the long list of characters. No ballet makes greater demands on the purely dancing abilities of a company, demands more exacting in quality, technical difficulty and the actual numbers of solo roles and ensembles, than those made by any other classical ballet in the Western European repertoire. Serguéeff, from his notes and memories of the Maryinsky production, has revived *The Sleeping Princess* for the Wells, as he did for Diaghileff. The premiere, at which Queen Mary will be present, is in aid of the Housing Centre

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE international situation steadily gets worse, and now that Barcelona has actually fallen, a new major crisis may easily develop. Signor Mussolini has called up 60,000 reservists; France is calling up a twelfth of her next contingent of conscripts six months ahead of time; part of the French Fleet is reported to have left its base for an unknown destination; there is a steady infiltration of arms from Italian Libya into French Tunis to arm Italians there; German reservists have been warned to stand by; and there are reports of German troop movements near the frontiers of Holland.

NOT since the grim days of last summer has there been such tenseness in this country. Faces are growing longer again, and people are beginning to whisper to each other, and parents are turning their eyes westwards against the day of calamity. There is, of course, a school of thought, of which Sir Samuel Hoare has just become the spokesman, which maintains that even to think that a war might come is disgraceful "panic-mongering." But surely the only possible and sensible attitude is neither to say that war is inevitable, and that we would run away, nor to say that for certain there will be no war; but to take the third line that, if a war does come, each one of us will be ready to do our part. Instead of talking war, we ought to talk National Service, and by this time every patriotic citizen ought to have consulted his Handbook and decided in which category of service he or she will enrol.

THE most important part of the National Service Appeal is that at last a full list of separate services has been issued. There is no longer any excuse for saying, "What ought I to do?" There is work for everyone from the age of seventeen upwards in some branch or other of the National Service. The next thing to provide is material for the volunteers to work on. Handbooks alone will not be enough.

THERE are about seven million people exempted from National Service because of the importance of their civil occupations. Journalists are a little sad that everybody who is engaged in the production of newspapers is exempted except the actual people who write in them. It is hard to see what the newspapers will contain in wartime if they are produced and distributed without any writing in them. Or is it that the Government thinks that anybody can write, and when all the journalists have gone off to the war volunteers will be drafted in to take their places?

SOME of the other exemptions are a little difficult to understand. Why, for example, should a jobbing-gardener, or a hedger and ditcher be so vitally important? Or the maker of sleeve-links and studs? What will the diamond-setter do in the next war? Or the man who varnishes pianos?

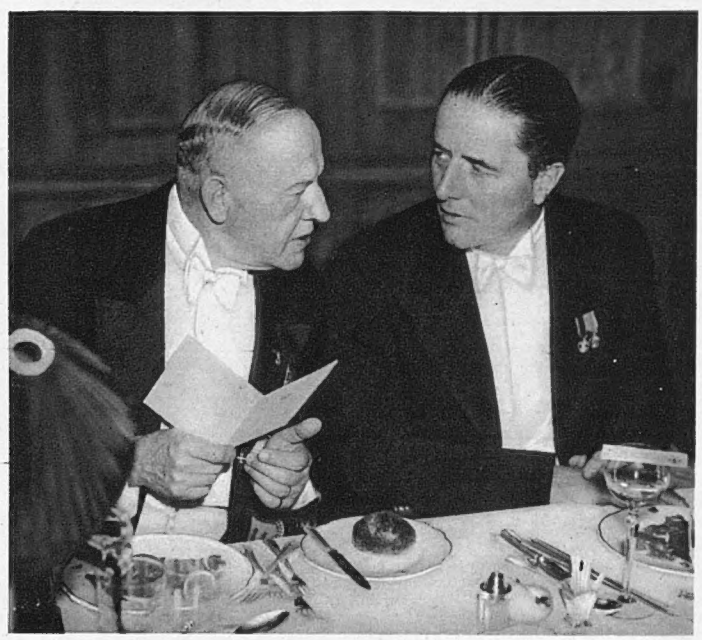
I STRONGLY recommend everyone to read a book published for the not exorbitant sum of sixpence in the Penguin series. It is called *The Air Defence of Britain*. It is in three sections, the first by Air Commodore Charlton on the actual value of aircraft in a modern war, with a special reference to an attack on London; the second on air-raid precautions, by Mr. G. T. Garratt, the famous correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*; and the third an examination by Lieut.-Commander Fletcher, M.P., of Britain's air strength. It gives the whole situation in a couple of hundred pages. The main moral of the A.R.P. section is that, whereas guns and balloons and fighting aeroplanes are good things to have, by far the best of all, from the civilians' point of view, are deep underground shelters. In this country we have an immense amount of money and two million unemployed. But for some reason, the Government has decided not to bring the two together to make these shelters. So the unemployed are to stand by and continue to do nothing, whereas they might be digging like fury for the safety of the people.

BY the time this appears in print Herr Hitler will have made his opening speech to the new Reichstag. It is possible that we shall know soon whether Herr Hitler's eyes are fixed on the East or upon the West just at the moment. The Berlin-Warsaw diplomacy has been very busy during the last few weeks. Last Thursday was the anniversary of the conclusion of the German-Polish Treaty. Herr von Ribbentrop has been in Warsaw, and Colonel Beck has been to Berchtesgaden.

A FRIEND of mine, just back from Paris, reports the amazing calmness of France compared with the jitters in England over the international situation. It was the same thing during the crisis, when the flighty Parisians were incomparably cooler than the phlegmatic Londoner.

(*Concluded on page 146*)

***Sir John Reith** herewith adds his name to the list of innumerable celebrities who have posed with dart: he was opening the new club-house of Imperial Airways' sports and social club at their marine base at Hythe, Southampton. The determined expression and stiff left hand of I.A.'s chairman testify that it was the first dart he had ever thrown*



***Mr. R. S. Hudson**, the Minister for Overseas Trade, was chief guest at the fourth annual dinner of the German Chamber of Commerce in the U.K., and sat next to Dr. Karl Markau, president of the Chamber and chairman. Beyond sat the Ambassador, Dr. von Dirksen, the only German to greet the chairman with the Nazi salute. Mr. Hudson issued what amounted to a sharp warning to keep off British exports*

The Better 'Ole, 1939

There was great A.R.P. activity last week : the announcement of the government plan for National Defence Service and of those eligible to join (which gave rise to the curious phrase " exemptions from voluntary service "), the distribution of handbooks to the public, and an Albert Hall rally of volunteers addressed by Sir John Anderson, Minister for Civilian Defence. The Rt. Hon. gentleman, in the middle of all this, opened the new refuge dug by London's eighth richest borough, Islington, said to be the best constructed yet. Here he is seen emerging on to Islington Green, flanked by Lord Wolmer and the Mayor, Alderman D. McArthur Jackson, J.P., and topped by the Council. The refuge is obviously a different proposition from the trenches (" dank, derelict and waterlogged "), one of which collapsed and killed a little girl in Edinburgh last Wednesday

***In a gun-turret** designed for the tail of a high-speed bomber is Sir Kingsley Wood. Particularly keen and obliging in the matter of trying out aviation equipment for the photographers, the Air Minister was posed thus when he visited the Tolworth factory of Parnall Aircraft, Ltd.*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 144)

CATALONIA is obviously doomed, very largely owing to the folly of the Catalans themselves. Their internal quarrels and their selfishness in not coming to the help of Madrid at the beginning of the rebellion have proved fatal to them. On the other hand, not even their most bigoted enemies will deny the extraordinary courage of the civil population of Barcelona under the incessant bombardment from bombing aeroplanes. One can only hope that General Franco will treat the defeated Catalans with generosity.

MR. HORE-BELISHA has announced himself fully satisfied with the mass-production of the Bren guns at Enfield. This would be even more satisfactory if Mr. Hore-Belisha had not expressed himself once before as fully satisfied with the provision of anti-aircraft guns. Talking of which, it is a queer situation that six weeks ago Mr. Hore-Belisha was publicly charged by his own colleagues in the Government, including his own Under Secretary, with unfitness for his vitally important position. And yet no reply has been made. Sir Archibald Sinclair, commenting on this, said: "All that the public knows is that either the Secretary of State for War is unfit, or subordinate Ministers have been guilty of a gross blunder and of disloyalty to their heavily burdened chief."

ONCE again the Labour Party has declined to accept any help from other progressive parties, and Sir Stafford Cripps is in trouble. I suppose the truth of the matter is that, in their heart of hearts, Transport House is terrified of winning the next election and being compelled to form a Government. The Trades Union officials, who form the backbone of Labour's executive, ought to be pretty well convinced of their own limitations by this time.

THE Pilgrim Trust has made a grand gesture in coming to the rescue of Parliament Square with a gift of fifty thousand pounds. There should be no difficulty now in saving the centre of the Empire from a big commercial block of flats. But the Government does not come very well out of the whole business. It never should have been left to the Pilgrim Trust to find so much money when the Treasury is only offering forty thousand.

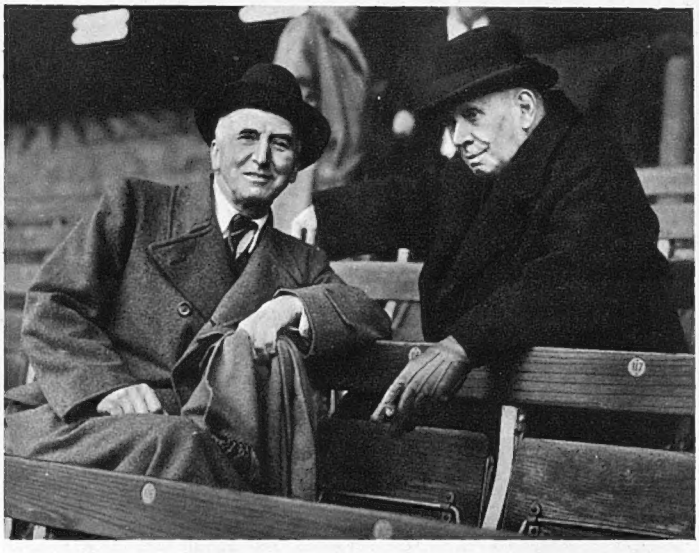
READERS of these pages will have noticed my almost unparalleled succession of failures as a prophet. Last week I confidently announced that the third Test Match in South Africa would end in a draw. But Hammond and his men polished off the South Africans in less than three days. I now confidently predict that Wolverhampton Wanderers will win the Football Association Cup.

IT is sad to read that "Dixie" Dean may leave English football and join an Irish club called Sligo Rovers. Dean was one of the greatest of all English centre-forwards, and he captained Everton when they won the Cup. His right-footed shot at goal was the terror of all goalkeepers, and he deserves to rank with Hugh Gallagher as the two greatest post-war centre-forwards.

I WENT down last week to Cardiff to the annual dinner of the Cardiff Caledonian Society. It was, of course, held on the anniversary of the birth of our national bard. A Burns' Night is always a most remarkable occasion wherever it is held, for Burns is a sort of connecting link between all Scottish exiles. He is a symbol of the nation. All the traditional ceremonial was carried out at Cardiff—piper, haggis, speeches, and so on. I even danced an eightsome reel after dinner.

CARDIFF, which I had never before visited, struck me as most impressive. I had always imagined a huddled, industrial town full of factories and smoke. Instead, the layout of the centre of the town is spacious, and the civic centre with all the municipal buildings in one large square is, I rather think, unique in England. Anyway, the citizens of Cardiff believe so. Another thing which struck me on the expedition was the fewness of trains, either passenger or goods, that we passed on the way down in the Great Western's express.

QUITE the funniest play I have seen for years is *Quiet Wedding*, at Wyndham's. It starts slowly but gets funnier and funnier as it goes on. In a brilliant company Miss Marjorie Fielding carries the honours. The authoress is Miss Elspeth MacCracken, and it is her first play.



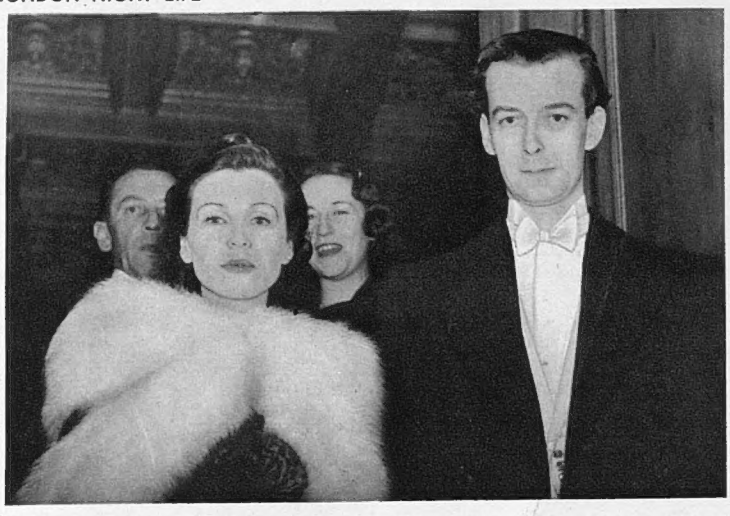
***At the football match** which England won by a try from Wales was Sir John Simon, shelving his problem of footing the bill for "defence" with an afternoon at the Twickenham mud-lark. He is with Sir Russell Bencroft, chairman of the Hampshire Cricket Club*

***At the luncheon** at the Horticultural Hall to celebrate the jubilee of the Horticultural College at Swanley, Kent, was Lord Horder, the King's Physician; he sat next to Lord Northbourne, who was in the chair. The clue to his presence can be found in "Who's Who" under his recreation: gardening*

Sisters in Conflict: Corinne Luchaire, Annie Ducaux

In *Prison sans Barreaux* Corinne Luchaire was befriended by Annie Ducaux as the new Superintendent (the part taken by Edna Best in *Prison Without Bars*); in their newest film, *Conflit*, the two actresses play hostile sisters who quarrel over a baby born of one but reared by the other. Corinne Luchaire's sullen prettiness suits her part excellently in this typically French personal drama, which opened the Carlton's French season. It was directed by Leonide Moguy, who made *Prison sans Barreaux*, and is now directing Corinne Luchaire in her latest film, *Deserter*

LONDON NIGHT LIFE



First Night: Viscount and Viscountess Moore

"Magyar Melody," which is nothing more nor less than Eric Maschwitz's "Paprika" remodelled, and recast as to its heroine, who is now Binnie Hale, had its new first night at His Majesty's, and Lord and Lady Moore were in the audience

First Night: Mr. Baxter and Princess Priscilla Bibesco

Princess Priscilla Bibesco, in a "giant panda" cape, went with Lindsay Baxter to last week's big first night at the Haymarket, when "Design for Living" at last reached the native town of its author

Dinner-Party: the Earl and Countess of Normanton and Her Daughter

Lord and Lady Normanton took her ten-year-old daughter, Diana Prior-Palmer, out to a restaurant dinner with them a few days before they left for a two weeks' winter sports trip to Chamonix. Lady Normanton's first husband was Major Otho Prior-Palmer, who divorced her in 1937

TWO WEDDINGS

Mr. David Wallace and Miss Prudence Magor

David Wallace, elder son of Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., by his first wife (now Lady Idina Haldeman), and Prudence Magor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Magor, of Springfield Lyons, Chelmsford, Essex, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and have gone to Greece for their honeymoon

Social Register

HONEYMOON

The Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe

Langton Iliffe, heir to his father's Press barony, and a director of Iliffe and Sons, married Renée Merandon du Plessis, a niece of Lady Kemsley, in December, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and they are now honeymooning at Palm Beach, Florida. Her cousin, Ghislaine Dresselhuys, is a 1939 debutante *(see p. 162)*

Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace

The Financial Secretary to the Treasury and his wife were just arriving at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, for the wedding of his son and her stepson to Prudence Magor. They have three sons of their own, the eldest of whom is seventeen this year. Mrs. Euan Wallace is Sir Edwin and Lady Emily Lutyens' daughter

Mr. John Harvey and the Hon. Anne Wigram

The first wedding at Windsor Castle for over a quarter of a century took place in the middle of last Wednesday's heavy snowstorm, which prevented many of the 1300 guests arriving at all and gave others an extremely difficult journey up to the Castle (see below). John Leslie Harvey is the elder son of the late Colonel John Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, of Ringstead Bury, Norfolk. Anne Wigram is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Wigram and a god-daughter of Queen Mary, who gave her a gold-fitted dressing-case and an amethyst and diamond brooch. Lord Wigram was Assistant Private Secretary and Private Secretary to King George V. from 1910 to 1936; he and Lady Wigram's residence is Norman Tower, Windsor Castle. Their daughter and her husband have gone to the Riviera for their honeymoon

A CHRISTENING

Charlotte Alexandra Marie von Croÿ

Prince and Princess Alexander von Croy's daughter was christened Charlotte Alexandra Marie Clotilda, at Brompton Oratory. Princess von Croy was Anne Campbell before her 1938 marriage, is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth. She and her husband live at Pennis House, Fawkham, Kent

Wedding Guests on Their Way to Windsor Castle

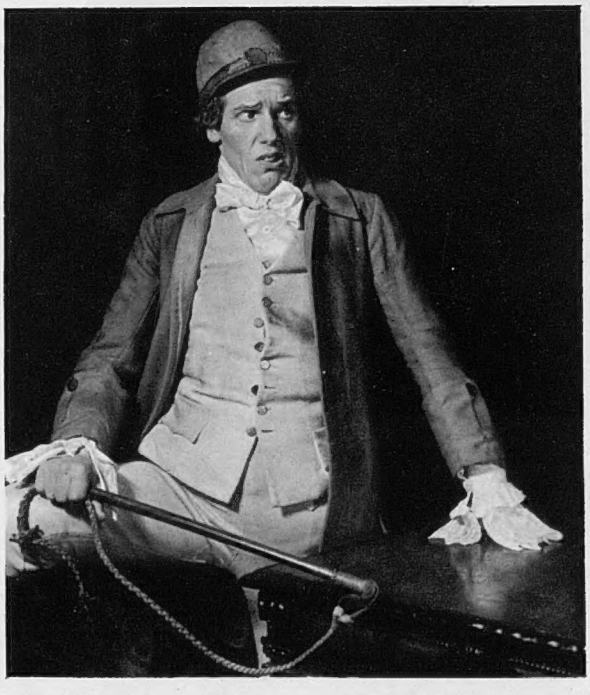
"She Stoops to Conquer"

Goldsmith at the Old Vic

The Vic-Wells Company has had to recruit numbers of new members for its home front while many of its regulars are away on the Mediterranean tour. These new members give themselves a rousing send-off in Oliver Goldsmith's play. Not all the critics found Tyrone Guthrie's production satisfyingly Goldsmithian, but most agreed on the extraordinary vigour and speed of the playing. Outstanding are Ursula Jeans, no newcomer to the Vic, as an almost too dazzling Kate; Margaret Yarde, who drives furiously the part of Mrs. Hardcastle; and George Benson, who stepped straight out of *Nine Sharp* into the role of Tony Lumpkin—originally intended for Roger Livesey. The dresses and decor are by David Homan

Photographs by Anthony

Kate and Young Marlow: *Ursula Jeans and John Mills*



Tony Lumpkin: *George Benson*

"Darby and Joan" Hardcastle: *Edward Chapman and Margaret Yarde*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"They Walk Alone" (Shaftesbury)

THIS play would seem to be suitable for the boy who, in the famous fairy story, could not shiver and shake: for playgoers shivered and shook all around me each time Miss Beatrix Lehmann, the bogey-woman of the night, signified that she had done another lover in (off stage) by playing (off stage) the chapel organ so atrociously that murder seemed a trifle in comparison. How Miss Lehmann managed to throttle her lovers was not quite clear. After all, they were strong Lincolnshire farm lads in the main, and even if, once they had had their way with her, they were (according to her statement) as weak as babies in her arms, wouldn't she be as weak as a baby, too? So, perhaps, after all, this is not a purely pathological play like *Night Must Fall*, but a semi-supernatural play like *Dracula*, with, I need hardly say, the usual doors banging in the wind and dogs howling in the yard, what time a segregated bull bellows madly for a mate.

THERE are bulls without and within. The oddest behaviour on the part of Miss Lehmann, who is clearly a "case" from the moment she sets foot in the farmhouse to serve as a general help, cannot keep the men off her. Even had she arrived with the best of references, I should, in Miss Carol Goodner's place, have sacked her on sight; but she arrived with no references at all, nor, after two months, had they turned up. Meanwhile, having been caught lying, in two senses of the word, often enough to justify dismissal without a minute's notice, her conduct was continually being overlooked with a "We 'll say no more about it." Everybody, including, apparently, the Lincolnshire police, conspired to make things easy for her. Even when the chapel was surrounded by a cordon, aroused by the noise of Miss Lehmann sitting on the keys again, she just slipped through them, thus still further strengthening the suspicion that supernatural elements must be in charge.

THE moral of Mr. Max Catto's play is —if the play succeeds—that you should take in the *News of the World*. And I believe that it will succeed, thanks to the level of public taste and to Miss Lehmann's very arresting, if not much arrested, performance. I did not keep count of the number of her victims, nor could I personally respond with much excitement to what seemed to develop into a mere addition sum. But the correct answer, which Alice probably gave, when Humpty-Dumpty asked her, "What are one-and-one-and-one-and-one-and-one-and-one-and-one?" clearly is "I don't know and I don't care." Apart from Miss Lehmann's performance, it cannot be said that the acting is out of the way. Miss Goodner, thoroughly capable, is, on this occasion, no less thoroughly colourless. But there is some bright work by Mr. Jimmy Hanley before what happens to him happens to him.

Sinister servant: Beatrix Lehmann

Little sister and big sister: Rène Ray and Carol Goodner

Sketches by Rouson

Traveller to London: Beckett Bould

Scented adolescence and cynical brother-in-law: Jimmy Hanley and Alastair MacIntyre

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GLOATING lyrically over the terror into which England fell during the recent bomb discoveries, Dr. Goebbel's amiable paper, *Der Angriff*, said that "when the satiated English heard the news over their opulent breakfasts they were so frightened that the beefsteaks fell from their forks"; which shows that the *Angriff* boys haven't had much time to travel lately. It's some time—correct us if ignobly wrong—since the English wolfed beefsteaks, among other things, for breakfast, a Tudor custom still flourishing in the Jorrocks era, but practically dead by the end of the nineteenth century. The typical Edwardian breakfast was relatively frugal, consisting of nothing beyond cold game-pie, tongue, ham, fried sole, bacon, eggs, kidneys, haddock, fishballs, kedgeree, devilled partridges, brawn, possibly a mutton chop, an omelette or two, German sausage, toast, tea, and coffee, with jam or marmalade. This made us the hardiest race on earth. Since the war increasing frugality has been the rule among the more enlightened of the Island Race, who now breakfast on nothing but grapefruit, porridge, haddock, bacon and eggs, toast and marmalade, though a growing minority scorns this Spartan fare and guzzles its aspirin (one tablet—sometimes two) and orange-juice with shameless avidity. The *Angriff* boys should brush up their general knowledge a bit. Beefsteaks are out, like crinolines.

Probably nothing, however, will shake the Continental belief that we islanders start our day by stuffing ourselves like mad. A few years ago when a harmless British Labour delegation went over to Paris an eager crowd gathered outside the windows of their hotel restaurant near the Gare du Nord to watch them breakfasting, expecting them to call for an ox roasted whole. What they did call for, naturally, was eggs and bacon, but this was quite enough to divert the Parisian, who does his gorging, when he can, at night. One of the satirical weeklies got hold of the incident and described the Gargantuan *bombance* of the British with fastidious shrinking, like an Anglican missionary describing a cannibal feast. Thus do we and the French understand each other after the last 300 years of living side by side with only 20 miles of sea between us; for—need one say it?—we knew each other better in the Middle Ages.

Rap

GOLFERS have been in the spotlight recently, and not particularly to their advantage. Accusations of snobbery practised by "gentlemen" against "artisans" at a Hastings club evoked a thoughtful article by Mr. John Betjeman in one of the dailies affirming that golf is essentially a snobbish and plutocratic business and that the average golfer, a selfish hound, doesn't give a damn for the comfort of his caddie. To remedy this, if you remember, a really admirable organisation called the Two Club was started some time ago by a group of chaps including Gerard ("Sapper") Fairlie and Old Big-Heart A. G. Macdonell; and it flopped. Golfers weren't interested in any scheme, however attractive, to treat caddies like human beings, it seemed, and so at scores of golf clubs mere children will continue to huddle in tin sheds with elderly characters, sometimes wasters, until their employers want them. As for the "free ball" racket, whereby manufacturers present well-known amateurs with monthly boxes, thus depriving the club pro. of his rightful dues, it has grown to such proportions that the Royal and Ancient, according to the Golf Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are about to take action.

"You know, I'm the original Gibson boy?"

You will say that for every plutocratic golf club in the country there is one for quiet chaps with modest incomes, and you may be right (you sometimes are). There are even a few clubs where caddies are recognised as being of the same flesh and blood as the members. There are even clubs apparently without snobbery (that Hastings club ultimately turned out to be one, the artisans humbly apologising, after threats of expulsion, for certain allegations to the contrary). But in our degraded view snobbery is as essential to golf as to cricket, lawn-tennis, or any other highly organised game. You know then it's British.

Gorge

ON the same day recently that Sir Auckland Geddes was advising housewives to store canned food and water against an emergency, the Wine and Food Society boys were doing themselves even better than usual at a dinner in memory of Brillat-Savarin, presided over by the French Ambassador. The belly-furniture, from the Consommé Double de Volaille to the Vacherin Dauphinois, was perfect, a member tells us. He didn't say if the boys took a salutary pint of ambered chocolate for their stomachs' sake next day—"the chocolate of the afflicted," as Brillat-Savarin calls it. Between you and us and the Mousse de Brochet Belle Aurore, the great Man was something of a gutsy character—he came from Belley (Ain)—and less delicate in his browsing and sluicing than the perfect epicure should be, perhaps. Nevertheless, he is thoroughly sound on the diet question, and his warnings to chaps with expanding paunches to keep off starches and farinaceous foods might have been uttered to-day, at fifty guineas a time, by any Harley Street dietician.

What we like about Brillat-Savarin chiefly is that he could write about food with philosophical humour, sometimes with wit, but never went priggish or whimsy like so many modern literary cook-book

"Look—can you do this?"

boys (not the girls, who are invariably stern and practical). There are shining exceptions, of course, but the others—no names, no pack-drill—gambol round the table like baby elephants in the Never-Never Land and make you blush to look even a sausage-and-mash in the eye. Which seems a bit thick, as Mr. Beeton remarked mildly to Mrs. Beeton the day she mistook glue for stock.

Merrie

JUST the right moment, now that agriculture is dying, farmers sinking everywhere into bankruptcy, and farm-labourers deserting the soil en masse for the towns, has been chosen by some of Auntie *Times's* little readers to demand the revival of Ye Olde-Time Rustycke Sportes. The boys really seem to think that a modern imitation of mediæval rural festivals like Plow Monday and Easter Ales—excluding, naturally, the churchgoing round which these festivals revolved, and which the modern rustic heartily shuns—will save the situation, and that if these chaps still left on the land dress up and indulge in old-time merrie-merrie it will get everybody back. That is to say, they want to have the modern rustic leaping for joy over nothing in particular, a difficult thing to persuade that hayseed to do, even if earnest maiden ladies swooped down from Bloomsbury once a week, all over bells and fal-la-la, to dance him Rumbleton's Hey. We think Auntie's boys are frankly nuts.

They must be nuts (we think) because they don't seem to ask themselves why the old-time English rustic danced for happiness (as he did, for as modern economists are reluctantly beginning to admit, there really was a Merrie England once). He danced, in England as everywhere else in Christendom, because Church festivals made him feel that way. He doesn't do so now because they don't. If he feels like merrie-merrie he turns on his parlour wireless and gets Zoops Zeizler and his Voodoo Vikings. We think Auntie is an old prune to encourage this pseudo stuff, and if we had an oar or boathook handy we 'd give her a great playful gentlemanly tap on the bustle.

Tribute

THE essential high generosity and charm of the Italian race, despite unhappy differences bred by politicians and troublers of the peace, is amply shown in the suggestion the other day by Professor Calestani of Milan that Great Britain is possibly the lost, fabulous land of Atlantis. The Professor goes eruditely into Plato's story and thinks Poseidon's Temple, for example, might have been Stonehenge, the hot springs being Bath, the governing philosophers the Druids, and the mountains being the Welsh Hills, though the gold and silver walls have vanished long since. A friendly and even noble gesture, we call it, considering some of the things our citizens have said about Italy lately.

It may be as the Professor suggests. Stranger things have happened. A chap told us the other day that Wookey Hole in Somerset is mentioned by Clement of Alexandria; not by name, but certainly by description. A noted witch lived there in the third century A.D. (What a lovely beginning for a nursery story: "*There was once a witch who lived in Wookey Hole. . . .*") And then again there is the lost land of Lyonesse, sunk off the Cornish coast, and another—or the same?—kingdom off the Welsh coast, lost under the waves by the negligence of Prince Seithenin the Drunk. It 's packed with romance, and faëry, is our rough island story, though you wouldn't think so to look at the pans which fill the country nowadays, under all those dreadful bowler hats.

Ordeal

THAT unexpected thaw in Switzerland the other day inflicted almost unbelievable suffering on the Winter Sports boys and girls, who need ice and snow as goldfish (whom some of 'em greatly resemble) need water. A chap who was there tells us that in the extremity of their despair one or two of them actually began to read a book. The majority kept their nerve and just stared dumbly at the wet, soft rinks, the slushy streets, and the fresh snow which was brought in from the hills by gangs of workmen and spread on the roads for the benefit of the sleigh-horses. There 's nothing else to do in Switzerland, and a rather thoughtful Winter Sports chap once asked us how the devil the Swiss got on in summer. Trying to remember a visit one June to Geneva we told him at length that the Swiss in those parts generally chuck themselves into the lake. He asked what for, and we said we thought it was due to (a) general *ennui* and (b) the agony of being deprived for months of all those masterful bronzed Anglo-Saxon dials the Swiss love so, the big bouncing trousered girls and their hearty voices, the breezy clergymen, and the maiden ladies from Cheltenham. After pondering this for some time he said yes, it must be pretty terrible for the Swiss when the season 's over. He supposed nevertheless that the natives had missionaries and native police and what-not to keep 'em quiet? It perturbed him to be told that dangerous separatist elements are trying to cut off Switzerland from the Raj. The cloud passed from his round blue eyes quite soon, however, for he remembered the British Navy.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Bags of room on this one, and look how they crowd over there"

Films of the Day

Four Good Films from Three Countries

By George Campbell

ELISABETH BERGNER is an original. In a world in which entertainment has been mechanised and thought regimented, and even lovely woman standardised by the beauticians, she remains herself.

This spiritual quality—perhaps "integrity" would be as good a word for it as any other—gives interest and even distinction to her new film, *Stolen Life*. The plot is frankly thin. It is, I suppose, possible for twin sisters to be so much alike that even the lover of one of them won't know which is which; possible, but hardly probable; for love, like hate, sharpens the eyes for those tiny characteristics—a wrinkle, a mole, an inflection, a trick with the hands—which have only to be seen once to establish identity for ever. I happen to know, because I was at school with twins whom few of the boys, and none of the masters, could tell apart. It happened that I thought one a good scout and the other a bit of a twirp. Fifty yards away I could distinguish them by their walk; and at close quarters I marvelled that others could not see in one all the qualities so detestably lacking (I thought) in his brother.

Not, of course, that this matters. Audiences will accept any initial improbability provided the consequences that spring from it are convincing, and here *Stolen Life* is satisfactory enough—or seems to be, so astutely is it directed by Dr. Czinner, so beautifully and sensitively acted by Miss Bergner. The charm of the early Alpine scenes seemed too good to last; but last it does, through a succession of gracious interiors and lovely backgrounds, until the very end among the soaring columns of the Acropolis. Altogether, an uncommonly fine film, of which the much-harassed British industry may be proud.

THE French still keep it up. Some who saw Ernst Lubitsch's version of *The Patriot* think it better than the new French *Le Patriote*, with Harry Baur in Jannings' role as Paul I. I don't. Neither would they, I suspect, if they took another look at the Lubitsch film to-day, instead of viewing it sentimentally through the kindly spectacles of memory.

For this new drama is magnificent. It re-creates life at the Court of the mad Czar in all its bitter comedy and grotesque horror. Paul is neither travestied nor vilified nor whitewashed: the film shows him as he probably was—lecherous and cruel, mad and cunning, a fundamental weakling whose childish passion for playing with soldiers was always on the point of embroiling Europe in war. The dialogue has point and polish, and Maurice Tourneur's direction is full of daring little touches that arouse no guffaws, but keep you quietly simmering with the silent laughter that is the truest tribute to wit. Wasn't it Chesterfield who thanked God he had never been known to commit the vulgarity of laughing aloud? Chesterfield was a snob, but it is a fact that many of the world's great humorists were seldom known to laugh, and one of them, Mark Twain, never.

"CONFLIT," the other new French picture, never attempts the heights of *Le Patriote*, but it is well worth seeing, partly for the original way in which the story is unfolded, partly for an enchanting performance by Corinne Luchaire. Mlle. Luchaire would never be described as a beauty, and yet she is quite beautiful. She is tall and slim and coltish; she moves with the unstudied grace of a long-legged foal. And her face, slim and oval, with a slightly Mongol slant to her arresting eyes, is a cameraman's delight.

Like *Stolen Life*, *Conflit* is a tale of two sisters, one with a husband and no baby, the other with a baby and no husband. The solution is obvious, and for a time all goes well. But the unmarried mother cannot see and fondle her child in her sister's nursery without longing to reclaim it altogether, and a scene of jealous passion culminates in the married sister trying to stop her with a gun. An ingenious story is well written, directed with real power, and acted quite impeccably by all concerned.

JAMES CAGNEY is a marvellous actor, and as Rocky Sullivan in *Angels with Dirty Faces* he has the best role of his career. Rowland Brown, the man who first specialised in gangster stories—remember his *Quick Millions*?—has contrived a thriller in a thousand, if only because the thrills, instead of being continuous and mechanical, arise gradually out of character and the harsh logic of events.

Cagney as a boy was one of a gang on New York's East Side; Pat O'Brien was his pal. Cagney steals and goes to gaol and turns gangster; O'Brien becomes a priest. Years later they meet again, and the priest finds that all his attempts to reform a mob of little hoodlums are being undone by their hero-worship of the Big Shot. All very natural, as the gangster complacently admits. The priest's campaign against corruption threatens the racketeer's existence, and the leaders plan to murder him. To save his friend, Rocky Sullivan shoots first and goes to the chair. And here, at the last request of the priest, the jaunty little red-headed gunman does the bravest thing of his life. He pretends to die yellow.

The ethics may be muddled; the story of an attempt to reclaim young criminals may actually glorify the gangster; but these are considerations outside my field. All that concerns a critic is that here is a magnificent melodrama, written with laconic wit, directed by Machael Curtiz with genuine artistry, and acted with something like genius.

Angels with Dirty Faces is at the new Warner Theatre in Leicester Square.

Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in "Le Patriote"

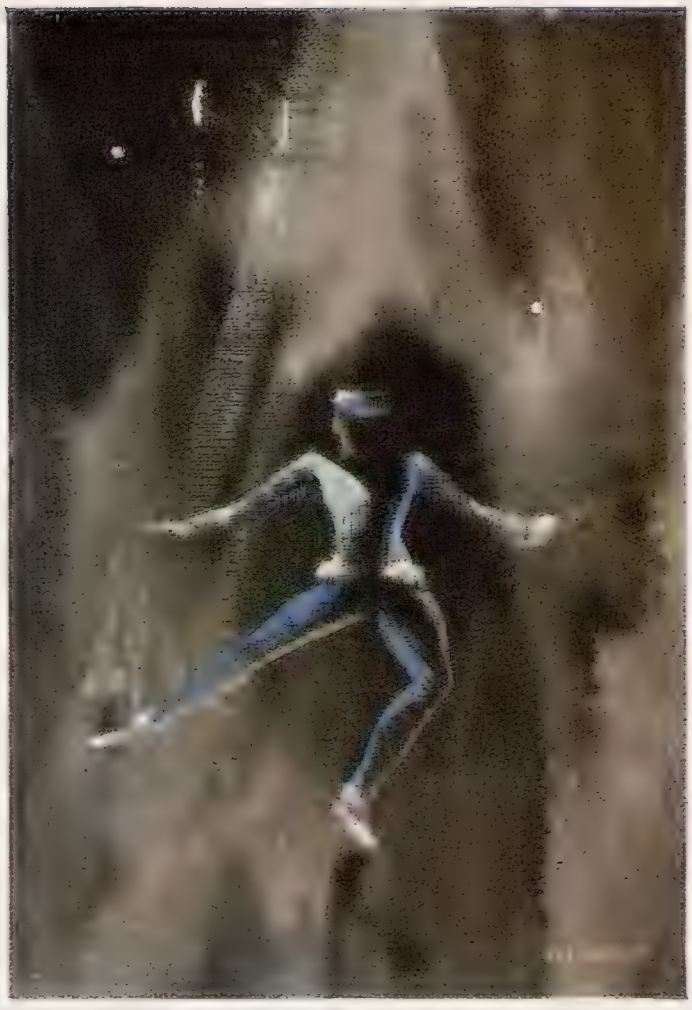
France has re-made the story of Paul I. of Russia whom Jannings played for the American film. In the new version, Harry Baur plays the Czar (right), Pierre Renoir Count Pahlen, Suzy Prim one of the former's many mistresses. The film, reviewed above, is at Studio One

Harry Baur as the Mad Czar Paul

Ballet Impressions

By Theyre Lee-Elliott

Margot Fonteyn in "Horoscope"



Harold Turner in "Les Patineurs"

Pamela May and June Brae in "Les Patineurs"

Two years ago this spring, Theyre Lee-Elliott, one of the most brilliant of English poster-designers, held his first exhibition of ballet pictures at Sadler's Wells. These pictures, painted in the original and effective technique which he had worked out as a means of expressing his love for, and understanding of the ballet, of recording its impermanent beauties of movement, line, mood and colour, are now well known to the ballet public, and have been acquired by many connoisseurs. Last winter, Lee-Elliott held exhibitions in San Francisco and Los Angeles, when Walt Disney became an admirer of his art. And a few months ago he showed some of his pictures as part of a television programme. In April he will give his third exhibition at Sadler's Wells, showing his new studies of the English and the Russian companies, among which are the three reproduced here. This will be one of the 1938-9 series of exhibitions arranged under the auspices of the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund

"Mais oui, Monsieur—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

Tennis Match in Palm Springs

They say that the Racquet Club in Palm Springs is the only club in California where money can't buy off the black balls. Let it be "only" or "one of the few"—the point is it is highly exclusive. Stars like Marlene Dietrich and Simone Simon dress in romper suits or shorts and sweaters to play there. Their partners in this match were the Earl of Warwick and tennis ace Laurie Shaffi. Hollywood rumour has linked the names of the Earl and the little French girl for several months. His first wife is now the wife of New York banker William M. L. Fishe. More Palm Springs pictures are on the next two pages; a first instalment of them appeared last week

Aces—Tennis, Social, Screen

Mrs. Lester Stoeffen

The quartet in the Racquet Club bar are Lester Stoeffen, Mrs. James Cromwell (formerly heiress Doris Duke), Mrs. Edward Selwyn, and film-actor Errol Flynn, whose latest London-shown film was "Robin Hood," and whose wife is Lili Damita. Mrs. Selwyn was a film actress, and now lives in a trailer at Palm Springs. Above is Lester Stoeffen's attractive blonde wife, standing on a Racquet Club bench

Paul Lukas

The vigorous and temperamental Hungarian plays tennis for five hours a day during his Palm Springs rest, and fences when he can't find any more tennis opponents

Decor Detail

Palm Springs (2)

More Pictures of the Californian Playground

The world's most famous bridge player, theorist and writer (below) kept his town suit on in spite of his exotic desert-oasis surroundings. The big earthenware jar in its eucalyptus-wood wedge (left) is one of several olla (pronounced "oya") that decorate El Mirador pool

Ely Culbertson Under an Umbrella

Debutante from Omaha—Ruth Dwyer

Ruth Dwyer, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dwyer, of Omaha, Nebraska, is an undergraduate at U.C.L.A., more comprehensibly, the University of California at Los Angeles. Western debutantes escape the publicity and hard work of the winter season which turns their New York sisters into "Glamor Girls." The tennis and riding and swimming of Palm Springs sounds more like an eighteen-year-old's ideal Christmas holiday

Starlet June Travis

June Travis escaped from the stern, inevitable process of Hollywood grooming for stardom and went to Palm Springs to be natural again. Like almost everyone there, she goes riding and gets herself up as a cowgirl to match the local saddles and tough, intelligent horses

Leni Riefenstahl

Fraulein Riefenstahl, film actress and director and friend of Hitler, had a less warm welcome in Hollywood than so famous a screen personality might have expected, politics apart. She was responsible for the tremendous German film record of the Berlin Olympic Games. And here she sits in a deck-chair by the Mirador pool

The Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Watson

English socialites among the American Palm Springs habitués are easily recognised. These two are Lord Manton's brother and his wife, who was Joan Cobbold. At home they live in Suffolk, at Chillesford Lodge, Orford, and have two sons

Palm Springs Landmark With a Mountain Background

Carol Heusman and Cecile McLaughlin Are Also Debutantes

These two are co-debutantes and college mates at U.C.L.A. of Ruth Dwyer, and Palm Springs made them look as happy as she does. On the right is the local skyscraper, El Mirador tower. In the mountains behind it, a téléférique is being built to carry ski-ers from this most luxurious of desert villages up to the snowfields

"Snow Holiday" II.

Megève

The Resort That Remained a Village

The Market Square at Megève in High Savoy

The Main Street at Megève

Last week in this series were published photographs of ski-jumping on the Olympic slope outside Megève. This week our photographer turns his attention to the town itself. Although in 1282 the commune was granted the title of town, although since 1920 its rise to fame as a winter-sports resort has been meteoric, Megève retains to-day its village flavour. Its hotels are comfortable, but small; its offers of English teas are rare; so are its jazz bands. Megève has become popular for winter sports merely because it is ideally situated for them

The picture to the right shows Megève from half-way up the rope-railway to Rochebrune. You are looking up the valley of the Arly (whose waters join the Istère, then the Rhône) to the north; ten or eleven miles away to your right is Mont Blanc and the Italian frontier. The Rochebrune railway is one of two at Megève, the other climbing to Mont d'Arbois on the same side of the valley as Rochebrune. It is the construction of these two téléfériques that has played a large part in bringing ski-ers to Megève

Through the window of the café-restaurant attached to the bottom terminus of the Rochebrune rope-railway can be seen arriving the ski-ers who left half an hour ago in the aerial carriage. Most of the seven or eight runs from Rochebrune converge on this point and thus much eating and drinking is done on the terrace outside. Last week-end the curling championships of France were held at Megève

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Four Debutantes of 1939

Bassano

The Lady Barbara Stuart-Wortley

Lady Barbara Montagu-Stuart-Worlley-Mackenzie is the third of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe's four daughters, and will be eighteen this year. Her two elder sisters, Lady Ann and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, came out in 1937 and 1938, so the business of a debutante daughter's season is almost routine to their mother. Lord and Lady Wharncliffe live at Wortley Hall, Sheffield; a few months ago they announced the formation of a market produce company, to be run from their estate. Lady Wharncliffe is Earl Fitzwilliam's daughter. The heir is Viscount Carlton, four next month

Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys

Ghislaine Dresselhuys is the only daughter of Lady Kemsley by her first husband, Cornelius Dresselhuys. Since her mother's re-marriage in 1931, she has been part of a big family, with six Berry step-brothers and a step-sister a few years older then she is. Her coming-out ball will be at Chandos House, the Kemsleys' London home, and there have already been parties for her at Farnham Park, Lord Kemsley's place in Bucks. He is chairman of Allied Newspapers

Hay Wrightson

Miss Olivia FitzRoy

Olivia Gwyneth Zoe FitzRoy is the second daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. O. FitzRoy, and a granddaughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons. She was born in 1921. She has one elder sister, Mary, and three younger than herself. Her father, the Speaker's elder son, is in the Navy, was made Captain in 1937. Their home is at Dorchester

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Ruth Shaw

Ruth Shaw is the youngest of three sisters, daughters of Lord and Lady Craigmyle, and was born in 1921. Her parents have a place near Galashiels—Fairnilee—and a London house in Lowndes Square. Lord Craigmyle is the second Baron, is a director of the Bank of England and of the P. & O. and British India shipping lines. Lady Craigmyle is a sister of the Earl of Inchcape. They have one son of fifteen

Hay Wrightson

Ex-Debutante—the Hon. Margaret Acton

Margaret Mary Teresa Acton came out as a Coronation debutante in 1937. This year she has a younger sister on the debutante list, the Hon. Ædgyth Acton, and a dance is being given for them both on March 28th by Lady Acton and Mr. Francis Weld at 22, Belgrave Square. They are the two youngest of Lord Acton's six sisters; their sister-in-law, Lady Acton, is Lord Rayleigh's only daughter. The family place is Aldenham Park, in Shropshire

John Vickers

Dr. S. I. Hsiung, Translator and Dramatist

Shih-I Hsiung was born in Nanchang in Kiangsi province and was sent in time to the National University at Peking, where he took his degrees. He tried teaching and journalism before finding his métier in the theatre, becoming manager of the Chenkwang, Peking, in 1923 and moving south to the Pantheon, Shanghai, in 1927. During this time he translated Barrie, Shaw, Hardy and Shakespeare into Chinese and wrote original plays. He then turned his hand to translating the other way and when Nancy Price staged *Lady Precious Stream* à la Chinoise it ran on and off for three years and made Hsiung's name. He has now settled in London and the week-end before last his new play, *The Western Chamber*, started at the New after a pre-view at the Torch Theatre. Dr. Hsiung is now working on a new play, *The Professor from Peking*, a novel, *The Bridge of Heaven*, and a volume of Chinese love-stories

IN MEXICO ONE DRINKS MESCAL . . .★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Mescal is a spirit distilled from the leaves and roots of the 'Maguey' or Agave plant. It's pretty fiery stuff. In fact a good many rough-houses have started with too much Mescal in the glass and too much sun on the sombrero. And a good many have ended with a quiet siesta in a shady patio and the cooling, calmly-cheering conciliation of Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

Brief interlude

Our learned friends, to do them justice, certainly know what's what. Observe the whisky in the glasses (Exhibits A and B). It is Johnnie Walker. And if anybody asks "What is Johnnie Walker?" he is obviously no judge of fine whisky. Johnnie Walker is not merely a fine whisky. It is all the finest whiskies of Scotland, aged and mellowed in the wood, and most skilfully blended into one.

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker**

"Bystander" Short Story No. 176

Americana : by Sally Benson

A Short Series of Penetrating Sidelights on American Life and Character

No. 4—On a High Hill

Illustrations by Archie Savory

It was not for want of imagination that Mary Melissa Moore had not named her studio "The Snuggery." She had thought of it and was on the verge of doing something about it when someone at a luncheon had used the word "snuggery" and given a nasty laugh. She knew then that it wouldn't do. Things such as this puzzled her, because the line that divided the sweet from the comic seemed so very thin.

When Mary Melissa wrote her monthly page about God for a nationally read woman's magazine, she poured out her heart, and her readers took it the right way, if the thousands of letters from them were significant. But every now and then she would speak a beautiful thought and people would look funny. This sort of treatment had given her a wary expression. It was disconcerting to receive so very much money for writing down the finer things and not be able to open your trap about them.

The studio, though not openly a snuggery, was every bit as satisfying as one. It had been built quite a distance from the house, so that no sounds of bickering in the kitchen, pans clattering, or telephones ringing reached her ears. Once in the studio, she could not hear that Al's suit had not come back from the cleaners or that someone had broken a date with Sylvia. It had one room and a large bath and it embodied peace. The walls had been painted a soft gray because at the beginning Mary Melissa had the idea of making it look like a nun's room. There was to be in it simply a plain cot, a straight chair, a workmanlike table and, unfortunately, her typewriter. But the windows had looked bare and she had seen a wonderful shade of green taffeta, so curtains had been hung. The straight chair had been abandoned for quite a nice little one upholstered in satin, the cot replaced by a soft divan with down cushions, and several shelves filled with small ornaments had been added. Sitting at a pretty desk, surrounded by charming things, remembering the hot-water heater and the rose-geranium bath salts in the bathroom, it was easier to feel close to the Almighty. Not that Mary Melissa always wrote about Him, not in so many words, but He was with her. At least her conception of Him was with her now. And whether she mischievously tucked in a recipe for tomatoes stuffed with crab-meat or slipped in a little hint about cocktail napkins, she gave the impression that these innocent diversions were all right with Him.

In fact, the reason for Mary Melissa's overwhelming popularity was that she had definitely done away with all that nonsense about hair shirts. Heaven, she told her public, was a place where everyone had an electric refrigerator with six trays, a vacuum cleaner with all attachments, a combination radio-victrola, wrought-iron furniture for the terrace and a terrace to put it on, Early American glass, a rock garden, a four-door sedan, pigskin luggage, a boy and a girl called Junior and Sister, good teeth, intestines that worked properly and enough money to pay your bills. Naturally, she was a wow.

Her success had come amazingly. One day she had been plain Bertha Crawford, married to Al Crawford, who was Eastern sales manager for the Akron Pipe Products Company, and the next day she had been Mary Melissa Moore, to whom thousands of women struggling along with an old-fashioned ice-box looked for inspiration. She remembered very well the day she wrote her first page. It had been a trying day, with Sylvia, who was then ten, throwing up at the breakfast table when Al had a hangover; with Alice, their current maid, complaining about her arches; and four guests coming for dinner. She had put Sylvia to bed and then, in a moment of desperation, she had sat down at the desk and written her heart out. It was a lovely piece about life going along like a song and brass plumbing throughout. She signed it Mary Melissa Moore because it was the prettiest name she could think of and sent it to *Pleasanter Homes*. The harassed editor, a man named Oscar Bowdith, read it in amazement and unbelief. He fell instantly in love with Mary Melissa Moore, whom he imagined as a clever little bitch with her tongue in her cheek and her eyes on the advertisers, and wrote her an enthusiastic and fresh letter, enclosing a large cheque and suggesting an interview.

The letter puzzled Mary Melissa but the cheque was as plain as mud to Bertha Crawford. The interview made history. Advertising history. It was bigger than the Old Gold Contest.

They met at lunch at the Algonquin—Mary Melissa, thanks to the cheque, clothed in fragile pastel shades. She talked to him of her conception of Life and what she would like to do for people. He didn't interrupt her at all, except for an occasional "Christ!" and "Oh, boy!" He put her under contract, thanking his lucky stars that no one else had seen her first, and made a date for her to speak at an advertising luncheon.

Her speech at the luncheon was a wild success. She wore sweet peas, an acetate-rayon pre-shrunk powder-blue dress, a silver-fox scarf, a cellophane belt, water-resistant kid gloves, and a big picture-hat. She reminded them that God was an Unseen Guest at every meal, but there were other unseen guests, unwelcome ones; there was the wrong kind of soap-flakes which turned the linen an unfortunate shade of grey, a silver polish that scratched, a mayonnaise that sent your husband straight to another woman's arms, and coffee that kept him tossing all night. She looked so pretty talking about God and labour-saving devices that the advertisers were entranced. They told her she should be on the air, and in no time at all she was. She had an entire hour once a week. The Ster-Isle Dressing people were the lucky dogs who got her. First she gave a little talk about the marvels of this super-whipped, creamy, foamy, pink salad-dressing and told how to her positive knowledge a certain Mr. Brown had gotten so sick of oil and vinegar on his lettuce every day that he had walked out on his wife and kiddies. She made every listener feel that not to serve Ster-Isle dressing was putting her head in a noose. Then a large symphony orchestra played selections from Victor Herbert's operettas and a new tenor from the Metropolitan sang lovely things like "Sylvia" and "Indian Love Call." After that, as a change from the rarefied atmosphere, there was a comedian who talked quite a lot about his wife and children, showing that though his jokes might sound vulgar and dull, he wasn't that sort deep down at all. It was, indeed, a friendly programme. Everybody kidded everybody and thanked God for a sense of humour, good music, a good laugh, and Ster-Isle's beautiful pink dressing.

When the money began rolling in, Al Crawford said something about throwing up his job and taking a lot of details off Mary Melissa's pretty shoulders. But she talked to him about morale, his own Self, and about what he would think of before he went to sleep nights. It made him feel quite a cad for suggesting the thing in the first place—as though he hadn't dressed for dinner in the tropics. Anyway, it was the last time he talked about quitting his job. In a little while they bought the house in Connecticut, and Mary Melissa told him if he wanted something to play with that. He liked pottering about the place in the summer, fooling with a garden, taking charge of the house, and he got a little fat. Sylvia had grown into a problem child, but there were only two things really wrong with her: she had an uncertain digestion and the boys didn't like her. Mary Melissa had her studio, her work, which she loved, and plenty of money. She looked younger every year.

One morning the telephone rang and Mary Melissa answered it. It was old Mrs. Wilcox, who lived down the road. She simply must have a talk with Mary

(*Concluded on page* 168)

On a High Hill *(Continued)*

Melissa, she said. Mary Melissa invited her to have tea that same day, told Al about it, and went down to the studio to work.

It was a very hot day, the sky a clear, relentless blue, and the drone of insects in the air. The studio windows had been left shut from the night before and the place, for all its cool grays and greens, was like an oven. Mary Melissa opened the windows wide and pulled down the Venetian blinds. Before she settled down to work she opened the tiny refrigerator to see that it was well stocked with a pitcher of iced tea, fruit juice, and a plate of sandwiches. She took off her dress and put on a soft chiffon peignoir and uncovered her typewriter. She was a day late with her copy because of the distractions of a beach picnic, and she felt very hot and limp. As the magazine was made up several months in advance, it was her unhappy lot on this scorching day to try to put bracing tang into every word she wrote, and as she sat looking blankly at the typewriter keys she felt it was more than she could bear. She might, she thought, be able to wangle something about white sails in the water, honeydew-melon balls, and roses in a pewter bowl. But the thought of coping with appetites whetted by brisk football weather and trying to tie up baked squash and marsh-mallows with the Spirit of the King of Sports almost sickened her.

She wandered around the studio restlessly, wishing that she hadn't asked old Mrs. Wilcox for tea on such a day and wondering what she had on her mind this time. It was always something with Mrs. Wilcox: taxes coming along at the wrong time, arthritis, or Mr. Wilcox. For two hours she fretted in the studio, unable to write a word. Then, having decided that the only sensible thing to do was to wait until it was cooler, she went back to the house and got into her bathing-suit.

She was still lying on the sand under a beach umbrella when Al called to her that Mrs. Wilcox had arrived. She gathered up her cigarettes, sun-glasses and a book and went in to change her things. Dressed, she thought how much better she felt and how the only thing to do when things didn't go right was to relax. It would be easy to do her page now, and she went out on to the terrace, where Mrs. Wilcox was waiting, hoping that she wouldn't stay too long, so that she could get in a bit of work before dinner.

Mrs. Wilcox looked very hot and very tired. She wore heavy black silk stockings and her black-and-white print dress was sticking to her shoulders. Her face lighted up when she saw Mary Melissa and she pulled herself erect in the gay, striped beach chair. "My dear!" she exclaimed. "How cool you look. You can't imagine what it was like walking up the hill to-day. I thought I'd never make it." She fumbled in her crocheted bag and brought out a small parcel. "Tarragon," she explained. "Fresh from the garden to-day. Now just dry it in the sun and let it stand in ordinary vinegar. But, my goodness! *You* know!"

Mary Melissa accepted the gift and thanked her profusely. "Now some tea!" she suggested gaily. "Or could I tempt you with a little sherry? Al, run into the house and get our very best sherry, will you, dear?"

Mrs. Wilcox shook her head. "My dear," she said, "I wondered if before tea we might get our little talk over with? I feel I'd enjoy my tea so much more if I could see things clearer. I'd like to talk to you alone."

Mary Melissa's head went up and she sniffed like a horse going into battle. She knew these little talks and knew how to handle them. They were meat and drink to her and she almost always found that she got an idea from them—something she could use for her page.

"Of course, you sweet person," she answered. She bent over Mrs. Wilcox and took her hands. "Come along! We'll walk to the top of the hill and look out over the lovely water and smooth everything out!"

Mrs. Wilcox was pulled reluctantly from the comfortable chair. Her shoes were dusty from walking this far and her corset pressed into her. She honestly felt she couldn't walk another step, but remembering her husband and seeing Mary Melissa looking so cool and sure, she got to her feet.

They started up the hill hand in hand, Mary Melissa walking briskly in her sandals and Mrs. Wilcox dragging her feet heavily. The grass was dry and small thorns pricked their ankles. Overhead, the sky was brilliant.

At the top of the hill there was a huge rock, and to this they went. Down below they could see the Sound, calm and blue. Mary Melissa sat on the rock, her bare legs stretched out. In back of her was the tiresome morning, the lovely rest on the beach, and before her the evening lay waiting.

Mrs. Wilcox lowered her body painfully. She loosened one shoelace and gave a little sigh. "Well, my dear, I don't know how to begin."

Mary Melissa breathed deeply and looked with her eyes wide open at the sky. "Look above you," she said, "at that great beautiful blue bowl and you will find it easy. Just think of me as a part of this great world—like this rock or that tree, or, if you like, the humblest flower in this field."

Mrs. Wilcox shook her head wonderingly. "I don't know how you do it," she said. "You are always the same, inspiring others and teaching them to have patience and look ahead. I tell you, my dear, many's the time I've felt I didn't know which way to turn and you've helped me."

Mary Melissa laughed. "I'm your glasses," she said. "When your eyes cloud over with the things that shouldn't matter, I help you to see again."

"You do," assented Mrs. Wilcox eagerly. "Indeed, you do." She looked down at the ground. "This time it won't be so easy. It's about John."

"Oh, don't let him hurt you!" Mary Melissa exclaimed, her voice quick and warm. "He has hurt you enough. Remember what I told you. You are *you*! Nothing can change that! You are like a little ship travelling through the night. Sails set and flags bravely flying. Nothing can change your course!"

"John hasn't hurt me this time," Mrs. Wilcox said. "Not this time, poor John. My dear, I haven't been good to him."

"You've been a saint!"

"No! No! I've talked about him, complained about him. Just as though anybody didn't have faults! I'm so ashamed when I think about it. And all the time he hasn't been well."

"You poor soul!" murmured Mary Melissa. "What can we do to help? Let me have Katie send you some of our lovely vegetables or make you one of her divine jellied soups."

"That's so kind of you!" Mrs. Wilcox began to cry softly. "Oh, my dear, he has cancer."

Mary Melissa put a comforting arm around the older woman's shoulders. "How tragic! What can we do? Let me call our doctor and have him recommend a specialist. I'd feel so much better if I *knew* he was in the best hands."

Mrs. Wilcox caught one of Mary Melissa's hands and squeezed it. She fished around for a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "I feel better already for having told you," she said. "And don't bother about the doctor, although you are thoughtful to suggest it. But we have a good doctor and he says John must go to the hospital."

"So he must!" Mary Melissa told her enthusiastically.

"Right away. For an operation. And I don't know what to do!"

A premonition of what was to follow seemed to strike Mary Melissa and she withdrew her hand.

It was almost twenty minutes later when the two women walked back down the hill together. This time they were not hand in hand. Mary Melissa's face was set and Mrs. Wilcox's eyes were like a bewildered child's.

Al was waiting for them by a daintily set tea-table. "Here we are!" he called heartily.

But Mrs. Wilcox said she couldn't stay, she had no idea it was so late, that John was waiting.

Al Crawford, glancing at her sharply, offered to drive her down. "Do, dear!" Mary Melissa seconded with relief.

Mrs. Wilcox straightened her shoulders. "No, thank you," she said. "We haven't a car and I mustn't get used to riding in one. There's no use pretending to have what you haven't got. Not even for a minute!"

They watched her start down the road, and then Al Crawford turned toward his wife. "Bertie," he said. "What did you do to that poor old thing?"

"Nothing!" she answered sharply. "Goodness knows I do what I can, but I'm not a charity bureau, am I?"

Suddenly the thought of tea and talk and explanations were more than she could face. She walked quickly to the studio. It was cooler there now, and going to the refrigerator, she poured herself a glass of fruit juice. She looked gratefully around the room and at the typewriter on the neat, bare desk. Beside it lay sheets of paper, blank, fresh, waiting for her. She sat down, but it was some time before she could put the day behind her. Then, quickly, she began to write, "Let me take you by the hand to-day and lead you to the top of a high hill, the sea beneath us and the blue sky overhead. We are alone together and we are at Peace." [THE END.

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Who do yer reckon will inherit this 'ere war after Franco's time?"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Leading Lady

By V. S. Pritchett

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS writes well about the stage. He has a stagey mind. That is why he is so good about leading ladies and so embarrassing about oak beams, thatch, havoc, quiet times with the higher life and daffodils—as hard-boiled about the stage and as embarrassing about the rest as most leading ladies themselves are in these matters. But with *Revue* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Nichols is in his right element. One sees it on the first page, where Thelma Ganges, the leading lady, green-eyed, red-haired and as poisonous as Lucrezia Borgia, is making a scene about her photograph:

"... she knew that the fault lay in herself. No. That would be an over-statement. It was impossible that any fault could be in herself. It was simply that she *gave* too much. Not financially, of course. Ectoplasmically. She was always 'giving out.'"

Robin Frost is a young Australian who has written some Cowardish songs. He has seen something nasty on the Riviera and has come to wash it out of his system in the Y.M.C.A. Swimming Bath, Tottenham Court Road, and to cash-in musically on his higher feelings about low life. Thelma, the eternal boa-constrictor, meets him at an exuberant and catty party, decides that one so clean-limbed must be swallowed before Lou Lancaster gets a bite at him, but is diverted from this by the far more profitable idea that he should write a revue for her. Thelma may be a woman, but she is, before everything else, an actress in full possession of her trade and publicity instincts. The innocent young man is delighted, and the rest of the book shows him dealing with the lunatic asylum. Of course, like all lunatic asylums, the theatre has its own excellent logic. It looks mad: "Every comedienne wishes or imagines that she wishes to play Lady Macbeth and every, tragedienne is positive she is a glamour girl." In spite of this when it comes to the point, "every star ... has a rooted aversion ... from doing anything new." And "no star has the faintest comprehension of the reasons for her own success. ... If the gallery is packed because the curves of her figure are so pronounced that they register to the roof, she will be quite positive that they come to see her because she lifts a tea-cup like Marie Tempest." Nevertheless, as the experienced Humbert who was helping Robin said, when they get down to business, the nonsense drops away as if it had never existed.

The point is, as Mr. Beverley Nichols shows, that the nonsense is necessary. Here is the appalling Thelma again on her spaniel song:

I have a Spaniel.
He 's called Daniel,
He loves me
And me loves he.

"No spaniel. No dog. Yet everybody said you could *see* the spaniel. I put so much into it ... Sir Henry," boasted Thelma, "whom I knew *intimately*, would not believe it when I told him there was no spaniel. He *swore* he 'd seen him wag his tail."

Jonathan Cape and Frances Day

Their picture was taken at a party given by the former for the latter to celebrate the publication of "Revue," Beverley Nichols' new book about an actress, which is dedicated to Miss Day. It is reviewed here

The habits of Sir Henry, as Humbert said, made him a man likelier to have seen snakes. But after scenes like this, after rows about the billing, money, other actresses, after the comic nightmare by which a Riviera sun-bathing show looks like turning into a Hungarian gipsy goulash, and after she has walked out because Fay Pearl has walked in, Thelma's business instincts defeat all other gestures. She does some dirty business on the sly and saves the show (for her own ends) which she has stabbed in the back—though she has been double-crossed very pleasantly in this.

Mr. Nichols is witty, catty, skilful, and though he is rather free with "subtly moulded" figures, people who "secretly long" and whose "whole beings radiate" things, *Revue* is one of his more successful entertainments.

IN *What 's Become of Waring?* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Anthony Powell does for Miss Literature what Mr. Nichols has done for the stage, but more drily and with more polish. The plot suggests a highbrow Wodehouse, though Mr. Powell is not as skilful with his supernumeraries as the Master is. Waring, the admired young writer of travel books, is dead. Secretive in his habits, he left few clues about himself; and very soon one suspects, after listening to his absurd quarrelling publishers, and Roberta Payne, the literary version of Thelma Ganges, that the true story of the noble Waring (figure of post-war youth resurgent) is not going to be very elevating. If the story misses opportunities, Mr. Powell's portrait of Hugh Judkins, the publisher, is a sound piece of refined malice. That angry, intriguing misogynist with his guilty flirtations with spiritualism, his absurd feuds and his superfluous moral reformation, is a wicked pleasure. And the others in the farce have the same finish.

THE bad good books are a problem, and although Mr. Conrad Aiken is a writer of exceptional talents, it is a problem his work always raises. He writes on his nerves and has a ruinous way of mocking his own themes, so that you are never bounced into complete acceptance of his story. *A Heart for the Gods of Mexico* (Martin Secker; 6*s.*) suggests that he is interested in sensations and not in people. It is about a woman going with two old admirers to Mexico, marrying one so as to put him out of his misery, while she confides to the other that she is about to die. Deluded by the first twenty pages, I thought I was in for a satirical study of a lady who is what Jonathan Wild once called his wife: "She gave me a lecture once, when I was a little tight and tried to kiss her, and it was one of the most moving things I ever heard. I wish I could remember it. It was like being talked to by Emily Dickinson, or the sunny slope of a New England pasture in spring."

Not unnatural, I think, to conclude she was, as Wild said, a b———? The result is melodrama thinking it is tragedy. Mr. Aiken seems chiefly to have been interested in the idea of telling most of the story in terms of the train journey south from Boston, and here his eye and ear for sensations come in.

THERE are none of these unsettled pretences in *Love in Our Time* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a simple story of the worries of a young salesman and his wife living up to the last penny in a Tudor confection in a London suburb, the irritations which arise from deciding to have a car and a radiogram instead of a baby, and the financial disaster and general frustration which results from getting the baby, nevertheless, and a penniless parent, too, while subscribing to neo-Tudor standards. The young people are typical rather than individually interesting, and the realism does not go very deep. More entertaining is the account of the fantastic Ancient Order of Mariners, one of those romantic English societies by which mass-produced suburban man escapes from himself into a world of vicarious importance and heroism. I do not object to novels about very ordinary people on building estates, for there are no very ordinary people; either in themselves or in their situation people are extraordinary—at least, that can be the only justification for a novelist bothering to single them out. But once the always amusing proceedings of the Mariners have closed down, the justification for the rest seems trivial.

Swiss Snow Season

Wengen, Mürren, Gstaad and Lenk

After the big thaw came the big storm, and by the middle of last week most resorts were reporting perfect conditions, with fast powder-snow over a total depth of two feet. Lord and Lady Clydesdale were at Gstaad during the storm, which didn't keep them off their skis. They were married at the end of 1937, and have a son born last September. Lady Clydesdale was Lady Elizabeth Percy

The Marquess and Marchioness of Clydesdale in a Snow-storm

Ski Club Official

Mrs. R. H. L. Morgan, of Llandudno, wife of an early Kandahar Club member, represents the Ski Club of Great Britain at Lenk, so all test-takers come under her eye. With her here is Colonel Thomas Henry Sebag-Montefiore

Film Star's Holiday

June Duprez, having finished her part in "The Four Feathers," Korda's film of the A. E. W. Mason story, went out to Wengen to ski. With her here, up at Kleine-Scheidegg, is ski-lehrer Bill Bracken

Gymkhana Without Horses

Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith and Count de Pret Roose are the sort of people more often photographed on horses than on snow this time of year. Here they were walking out to the snow gymkhana and obstacle race which are annual winter events at Mürren

Expedition on the Hornberg

The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller and her brother-in-law, Prince Aly Khan, have been ski-ing at Gstaad, where the luge-funi on the Hornberg takes ski-ers up for some of the best of the runs

Right: two attractive ex-debutantes at Gstaad are Cynthia Toulmin, daughter of Mrs. William Leveson-Gower, and Rosaleen Forbes, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Forbes

Playwright's wife *Mrs. Anthony Kimmins sat in the sun that thawed most of the snow before last week's big fall. Her husband's latest is the film "It's In the Air," in which George Formby stars, and to the premiere of which the big men of the R.A.F. went in force*

Proprietor *Edward Hulton has been one of Megève's very cosmopolitan crowd of celebrities. The eyes of his latest venture, "Picture Post," stare down at the plodding crowds from the front of — so it seems — half the buses of London*

French Ski-er *Robert la Caze had just been competing in one of the local events. He is a grandson of Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Suez Canal builder, whose story was recently retold according to Hollywood's imaginative view of history in the film "Suez"*

Swiss Snow Season

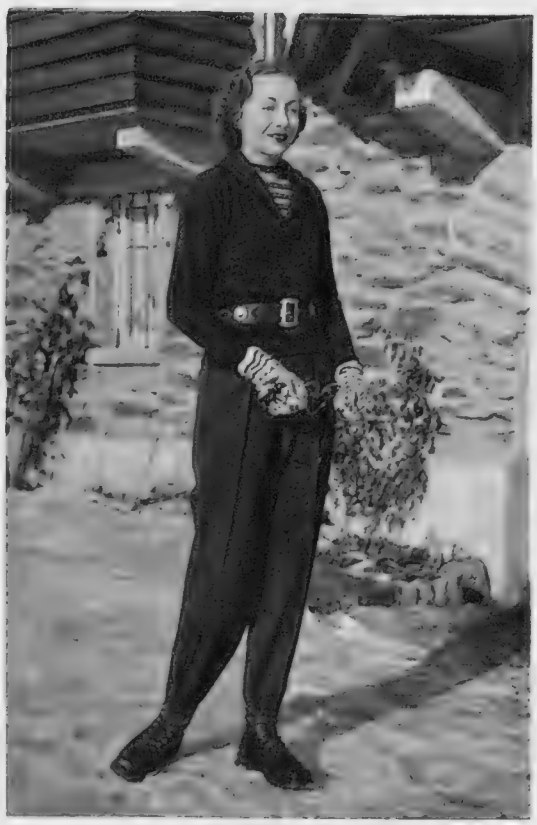
Megève Before the Last Big Storm

English young marrieds *in the French Alps were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Francis, the former Sunny Jarman sheltering her blonde curls in a turban handkerchief. He has a chateau on the Lake of Geneva*

Parisian ex-debutante *is Dolly Pastré, daughter of Comte Guy Pastré. She came out last year. Her "vorlage" trousers and hooded tuck-in wind-jacket are as neat and practical as the hardest-bitten expert could demand*

Snowbooting fashions *are set for all nationalities by Frenchwomen. The Vicomtesse d'Espous is wearing two of this season's specialities—a short furry coat and fur-topped ski-boots—and carries the day's news under her arm*

Manager *Francesco Parodi runs the Mont d'Arbois Hotel and knows the ways and talk of his ski-ing clientele, having been a Swiss champion ski-er himself*



Gold-medallist skater *Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower is also an extremely good ski-er. She and her husband have been the most regular of snow regulars since their winter sports honeymoon two or three years ago. She is the daughter of the late Sir John Mullens*

Italian ski-ers *at Megève are the Conte and Contessa Senni, from Rome. He is in the Italian cavalry, was educated in England, at Ampleforth and Oxford. Megève is actually only a few miles from the Italian frontier*

Contrast *in coats for "le snowbooting" is the long teddy-bear one worn by another attractive young Parisian, Jeanne-Marie La Caze. She is the daughter of Baron Louis La Caze*

Americans from Paris *who look extremely decorative on the snow in their bright tweed jackets are Nova Daniels and Mme. Georges Levi. The latter is American by birth and the former is also "of New York." Pictures of Megève from a more impersonal angle are on pages 160-161*

From St. Moritz *came Vicomtesse Charles Benoist d'Azy, whose husband is the new secretary of the Corviglia Club, and brought her young daughter with her. This American-born Parisian wears yet another new snow fashion — ski-ing jodhpurs*

Gardener's Chronicle

Spring Shrubs in Pots

By R. C. Jenkinson

Photograph by Blanche Henrey

Prunus cerasifera blireiana: *the red-purple foliage of this pink-flowered cherry makes an admirable foil to the flowers of other pot-grown shrubs*

General Observations

LAST month's climatic vagaries have proved beyond argument the value of pot-grown shrubs, forced if one has a warm house, or allowed to come along in their own good time in a cold house. One must have the former to get shrubs in flower in January, but as February and March are just as likely to give us a bout of snow and frost, we may well learn our lesson, for it is such a joy to come into the house from a sere, ice-bound garden to find cherry, wistaria or azalea happily in bloom in a pot. Hard forcing is apt to take some of the colour out of the flowers and to produce lax, rather delicate growth; but this does not detract from the value or beauty of such shrubs as will stand this unnatural treatment.

An important point to remember is that newly-potted plants will not stand forcing, or flower well, if at all, the first year. He who would purchase in October plants to force for the following spring must make sure that they have been established in pots for at least a year. Personally, I prefer to get plants of suitable size and shape one autumn and grow them on for a year in pots, plunged in the open ground, before putting them even into a cold house.

To get the best results they want to be pruned just after flowering, and fed with any good fertiliser when the flower buds are being formed. They should not be re-potted unless absolutely necessary: pot-bound plants produce more flower on short, stocky shoots, not the long wands which an extended-root one would give.

Choice

THE best way of dealing with the problem of choosing one's varieties is to decide at home on the colours and sizes that one's rooms will take, and then go, armed with notebook and pencil, to the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly shows in Greycoat Street. There you will see as wide a selection of trees and shrubs and early flowering bulbs and plants in general as you may wish for. Let us run through some of them.

There are cherries of all sorts, white, yellow or pale pink, bushy or spready—and don't forget the upright Ama-no-gawa: where all are lovely it is invidious to name two or three. The malus, or crab-apples, give us some darker carmine pinks, such as Eleyi, Lemoinei or purpurea, or white in M. Sargentii or theifera—both very lovely, with hanging bunches of small flowers. These last two lose their charm if put beside the voluptuous splendour of Japanese cherries. Quite apart from their flowers, Prunus Pissardii (white) or Blireiana (pink) are most attractive for their red-purple foliage, which makes an admirable foil to other flowers, such as the clear yellow spurs of forsythia or the lovely mauve, sweet-scented pendance of wistaria.

Undoubtedly the best small bush for forcing is viburnum Carlesii, with quite large clusters of waxy white flowers, most deliciously scented, and pink in bud. Plants of eighteen inches give five or six flower heads; and it is slow growing, which is fortunate that it cannot be pruned. One can grow it either in bushes or on short standards of two or three feet.

Camellias

CAMELLIAS come very near the top in any list of early pot plants. Forget their reputation for being difficult or tender. They are *very* hardy and perfectly easy, but they will not endure lime. Little cuttings no more than a foot high carry a flower or two. Bigger bushes produce flowers in the greatest profusion over a period of two or three months.

The best plan is to bring a pot into the house for a few days, then send it back to the greenhouse for ten days, and into the house again. Central heating, which dries up the atmosphere, is the bugbear of all flowers, but more particularly of growing plants: for whereas in a greenhouse water is freely splashed on floor and stages and sprayed on plants and in the air, this is not a popular procedure in a drawing-room. Therefore, with all plants which produce flowers intermittently over a long period, it is better not to keep them in a heated room too long, or the later flowers will fall in the bud stage.

Camellias can be had in every shade from white to crimson, plain, flaked or striped; and the flowers may vary even on an individual plant, one being pure pink, another striped with white or red; and they vary from year to year! As with cherries, so with camellias; choose the varieties you like in a friend's garden or at a show. They are very lovely at Kew, both indoors and in April outside. They may be single, semi-double, or so double that the petals look as though they were carved coloured shells, arranged in regular rosettes radiating from the centre. The flowers may be picked either stalkless, to float in shallow bowls, or in sprays for a vase.

One word of warning: some flowers have no calyx—those green scales which enclose the bud and which remain as a supporting cup about the outer base of the flower. For lasting quality the forms with enduring calyx are by far the more valuable. Were I limited to six varieties, I would choose the following: the swan (white), magnoliæflora (shell-pink), Lady Clare (deep pink), Donkelaari (scarlet, pure or streaked with white), Knight's Waratah (deep red), and reticulata, the queen of the family with very large flat, semi-double, rich carmine flowers.

Magnolias and Others

MAGNOLIAS are indispensable for early forcing: in pots, as in the open ground, they have an air of detached superiority and quality which few plants, always excepting orchids, possess. You get it in Allamanda's yellow trumpets, in Lilian Brownii, in Eucharis Amazonica—a superb February flowering bulb, white, scented and easy in a warm house—but never more dramatically than in magnolia. Denudata, the "yulan," which we used to know as conspicua, and stellata are pure white; Soulangeana and its various forms, white, more or less flushed with purple; Lennei, rose-purple, and liliiflora nigra, very dark and light purple, are all equally lovely, but you must use your personal preference as to which you select.

Japanese maples, as early forced shrubs, seem to me to be neglected. Some have dark red leaves, others delicate lime green, in some the leaves are entire, in others finely cut—all are lovely, either by themselves or as foils amongst various flowering bushes. Certainly Acer japonicum lacinitum has no compeer, with its hanging clusters of maroon and yellow flowers just receding behind folding young leaves; in autumn these leaves turn scarlet and orange, when it is equally valuable. Had I a large hall with space in a corner, or perhaps between twin staircases, there would be each March a group with this maple as its centre, flanked by cherry and "faced up"—how useful this curious expression is!—with a pair of magnolias, viburnum Carlesii and staphylea colchica. This last is very easy and charming, upright growing with racemes of creamy flowers, deliciously scented.

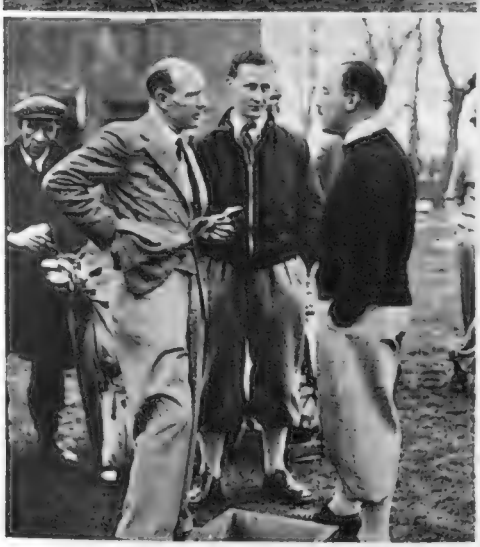
Sportfolio : Soccer, Rugger, Skating, Golf

Old Carthusians Beat Old Wykehamists

Charterhouse entered the second round of the Arthur Dunn Cup for old public schoolboys' soccer teams when they beat Winchester two goals to one at Hurlingham. Above, left, the referee, J. L. Edwards, poses with the captains, P. G. T. Kingsley of Winchester, and K. P. S. Caldwell of Charterhouse

Figure-Skating Girls

The finish to the European figure-skating championship at Earls Court was exciting. Megan Taylor, the world's Champion, led by two points for the last day, but Cecilia Colledge overhauled her in the free skating to win the title. The girls hardly spoke to each other during the evening, nor did they shake hands afterwards, but left separately. It was fourteen-year-old Daphne Walker (right) who won the most applause by coming third. All three will meet again in Prague



Cambridge Beat Royal Wimbledon

The C.U. team started well for the Lent term with an away victory over Royal Wimbledon, by 10—6, with two halves. In the top picture are R. B. How (C.U.) and his singles' victor, F. A. Simmonds; bottom are a Wimbledon trio, Capt. G. N. Openshaw (the secretary), G. Grant-Govan, and E. C. Millard

After the Match Was Over

The Anglo-Welsh Rugger Ball was held on the night of the match, and the floor of the Dorchester ballroom provided a pleasant contrast to the slough at Twickenham where all glory went to the forwards. This group is: D. E. Teden, who scored the try that gave England a 3—0 victory; Miss Peggy Glasier, J. T. W. Berry (Leicester and England), P. Cooke (Richmond and England), W. E. N. Davies (Cardiff and Wales); and (on ground) R. E. Prescott (England). Berry, a Leicestershire farmer, has recently announced his engagement to Miss Margaret Hodgson, sister of a former Leicester and England forward

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

As a keen motorist myself, with a high annual mileage "on the clock," I never cease to marvel at the lack of enterprise displayed by the vast majority of my fellow-drivers. Since the introduction of traffic lights this lethargy has become even more noticeable.

When I approach a traffic light which is against me, I instinctively position my car most advantageously for the getaway when it shall turn to green. Thus, if there is one car ahead of me and he leaves me room to draw alongside him, either on the off-side or the near-side, I naturally seize the opportunity to do so. At the same time, I slow down to crawling pace before I reach him and advance as slowly as possible, and nine times out of ten the amber light is showing before I have completely come alongside, and by careful timing, born of practice, I can judge to a nicety just when to put my foot down on the accelerator. The result is I get going almost before the other driver has realised the lights have changed.

Not only do I save an appreciable amount of time in this way—time which, consequently, I can afford to expend later in the interests of safety at some corner—but I get a whole lot more *fun* out of my motoring than I should get by simply stopping when the light is red and starting again when it changes to green.

If you watch points at traffic lights you will get a lot of motoring enjoyment out of what otherwise are simply a series of inconveniences. Draw up to them slowly, place yourself advantageously for a spurt of acceleration, and time the final change so that you are already accelerating, but have not quite reached the crossing as it turns to green.

IN this country it's never too late for fog! Up to date this winter, snow and ice have been the motorists' chief road trouble; fog, although it has been severe in some districts, has been less widespread than usual. Probably there is more to come. The brightest winter day is often followed by a complete black-out in which motorists are faced with a wall of fog—impenetrable unless they are equipped with suitable fog-lamps. Much progress has been made in the design of lamps since the use of amber-coloured glass was proved to be ineffective, and a comprehensive series of fog-lamps, which provide really effective illumination in fog or mist, is produced by the Lucas Company.

These lamps incorporate the well-known flat-topped beam principle, which neither dazzles oncoming drivers nor causes back glare, all the light being concentrated on the road ahead at an angle well below the driver's normal line of vision. They are designed to match the existing lamp equipment on modern British cars, and the special shallow bowl types allow for fitting well behind the bumper-bar on those cars where frontal space is restricted.

Mention of the Lucas Company gives me an excuse for telling you about "A Story of Achievement," the beautifully produced brochure which has just been issued by them to depict various aspects of their research, engineering and manufacturing processes.

It shows in a most interesting way the care and detailed attention which is brought to bear upon all the work undertaken in the different Lucas factories.

SO the long-established Junior Car Club is a rose which in future is destined to smell as sweet by some other name. At the recent annual general meeting of the club it was decided to change the name of the club, as it is felt that use of the word "Junior" is too restrictive and not truly representative of the club's activities.

The title, "The British Motor Club," has been suggested as an alternative name, but my own feeling about this is that, owing to people's lazy way of referring to clubs and associations by their initials, rather than by their full titles, the confusion with the British Medical Council which would ensue would be—well, inappropriate to both! The British Car Club would, I think, be a happier choice—not only for the above reason, but also because it retains more of the original title.

A correction. In announcing the "Fifty-Fifty" matinée last week (p. viii) we gave the date as Jan. 28th. This should have read Feb. 28th, at the Palace Theatre.

Monte Carlo Bound

Despite this snowbound picture of J. McEvoy and F. M. Montgomery's Ford "Prefect," which started from Stavanger, this year's Rally was admitted to have been one of the easiest. British cars took chief prizes in the comfort competition

Among the First

Lord Waleran and his Humber were among the first to check in at Monte Carlo: he started from Tallinn. He finished fifth in the general classification, being the best British performer

The Smallest in the Rally

The smallest car in the Monte Carlo Rally was a Morris "Eight," driven from John-o'-Groats by Mr. W. H. Mackenzie and Mr. Mavrogordato; here they check at the Folkestone control. The car took fourth place in its class for comfort

MONTE CARLO

Winter season 1939

Some Outstanding Dates

February 15th. & 17th. Concerts with Simone Delbert and Maria Tauber, soloists. Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ Feb. 27th. - March 5th. International Tennis Tournament including Butler & Iliffe Trophies. ★ March 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★ Mar. 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ Mar. 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ Mar. 16th. Golf-Rivett Carnac Challenge Cup. ★ Mar. 22nd. Mme Maria Reining, singer. ★ March 24th. Jacques Fèvrier, pianist. ★ March 29th. Torsten Ralf, tenor. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens. ★ April 5th. Gala Concert conducted by Erich Kleiber.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The "Bystander" Trophy and the Oxford Team

John Langley. the Cambridge captain, lost his single by 3 and 2 against R. Rutherford, of Royal Wimbledon. Other pictures of the match appear on page 175

THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy golf meeting will take place this year on the course of the Weston-super-Mare G.C. on Saturday, March 18th, and Sunday, March 19th.

The conditions of play will be the same as last year, and the general arrangements practically the same. There will again be an entry fee of five shillings, but this year it should not be sent with the entry form; it should be paid at the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club when the competitor takes out his card.

A qualifying round by medal play will be played on the Saturday morning, after which, in accordance with the cards which they return, the competitors will be divided into groups of eight players each. Each group will play off by match play and the winner of each group will receive a prize, and the winner of the first group will also receive the magnificent trophy with which he can adorn his sideboard or his local golf club for one year. The entry form and full particulars are published elsewhere in this issue of the BYSTANDER.

I SAW the Oxford golf team for the first time this season when the members of it played against the Woking Golf Club at Woking. The circumstances were unfortunately unfavourable to anyone wishing to form an opinion of the possibilities of the various players. It was the first match Oxford had played since the vacation, and as some of the team had been to Switzerland, while those who remained at home had had little chance of playing, it was only natural to find many of them showing distinct signs of lack of practice. Also the course was terribly wet.

The Oxford team was all square with Woking after the foursomes, in which both sides scored three points. In the singles in the afternoon the Woking team was strengthened by the inclusion of Major G. Le Roy Burnham, who was at the top of his game; he went out in 34, which represented really fine golf under the existing playing conditions, but was chased all the way by his opponent, J. R. Briggs, who refused to admit defeat until the seventeenth green. Woking finally just got home in the singles by seven matches to five, having won three of them on the eighteenth green and two on the seventeenth green, so you can see that at times the result of the match was touch and go. Two members of the Woking team won their matches by doing the last hole in three, a feat which was also accomplished by R. O. Wynn of Oxford to beat H. L. Turner, who had holed the sixteenth hole in one stroke, by two holes. The other Oxford winners were the captain, J. C. Lawrie, who played very well and won very easily, D. H. Garrow, A. J. B. Marsham, and W. H. Gibson, who was one of the reserves last year.

OXFORD has five of last year's team available, namely, J. C. Lawrie, the captain, T. C. Harvey, the secretary, C. B. Walker, S. Pether, and D. H. Garrow, who goes downhill between posts on skis extremely well, and one of their reserves, W. H. Gibson, while Cambridge has also five of last year's team plus the two reserves, W. H. Halstead, and E. S. Browne.

G. W. E. Ray, who has played hockey for Oxford, has lengthened his swing, and is attempting to get a place in the golf team. F. H. Forster has played rugby football for Oxford and is another candidate for a place in the golf team, and I shall be very surprised if he does not get one. If he does, win or lose, he is certain to give his Cambridge opponent a good run. I always like to have on a golf side men who have done well at other games. They nearly always put it all in when it comes to a real dog-fight in a 'Varsity match and often beat men who are supposed to be in a different class as golfers. Oxford at golf is losing all along the line while Cambridge is winning, but the inter-'Varsity golf match does not take place until March 21st and 22nd, when it will be played on the course of the Royal St. George's G.C. at Sandwich. By then Cambridge may have gone off and Oxford may have improved.

Cambridge is certainly not invincible. The first five players in the team failed to score a single point against Royal Wimbledon, and left it to the tail to gain their victory.

Why?

By Eleanor E. Helme

WHY should there be so lamentable a discrepancy between dreams of golf and "the golf of dreams"? The latter is a recognised way of describing superb play when space is short or adjectives inadequate; the former is nothing more nor less than nightmare. Can anybody learned in such matters explain to me why I, even in my golfing heyday, when I did my fair share of winning, should have dreamt only of woeful shots for which there was no room to swing the club, of being rooted to the ground in the clubhouse whilst L.G.U. officials called my name from the first tee, of shots which boomeranged anywhere they were not intended and nowhere I wished?

Last night I was at it again, though this time the trouble was more vicarious. I was trying frantically to telephone the L.G.U. that a certain famous Scottish player—who was, strangely enough, competing in the English Championship—simply must not be sent out against her first-round opponent without a referee. The opponent, a Southern player unknown, was at least known as capable of cheating anybody out of anything. Number was engaged, or out of order, or no subscriber working; at all events, after fruitless time wasted on the telephone, I dashed to the course. Miss Macfarlane was all regrets, though, I think now, I ought to have been sent packing as a busybody; of course, if she had known the reputation of the Southerner a referee would have been provided, but she had no idea of it. Miss Anderson—yes, the invading Scot was she—had not asked for a referee, the match had already started, nothing could be done. I hared down the first hole, a dreary flat affair of coarse grass whereof every blade stuck up to heaven after the manner of a coconut matting, bounded by a stone wall. Eventually I caught up the match. It was as I feared. Wee Jessie took me by the arm, and confided into my private—not my Press—ear that owing to the lack of a referee she was by then five down. "I expect it 's my own fault, too," she added, perhaps justly as we then stepped off into even longer and coarser grass under the shadow of a stone farm building, to search for her sliced drive. From which I inferred that Miss Anderson, being worried, was failing to follow through with the wooden clubs, and was therefore cutting the shots. The story has no ending; I do not know if, with characteristic pluck, Miss Anderson pulled herself together and the match out of the fire, and whether the discomfited opponent mended her evil ways or went from bad to worse, for at that point I remembered that I was due on the first tee, whither I went at the double, only to realise that I had come out for the day without enough money to pay my caddie.

If any Joseph can offer an interpretation, he is welcome.

THE Agenda for the annual general meeting of the L.G.U. is out; a very welcome innovation being that this year the Press has been allowed a legitimate and recognised sight of it beforehand, instead of having to hang about club-houses listening to gossip or badger friends in advance if they wanted to know what was going to come up at the meeting.

It appears, and is, sad news that the president, Lady Denman, does not figure as seeking re-election. Not only her masterly handling of would-be unruly meetings, but her generous commonsense and delicious sense of humour have made her invaluable to the union, setting a standard indeed for Lady Astor to keep up. However, we may hope that in some humbler capacity, Lady Denman has still better things to do for the union. True her name does not appear as a proposed vice-president, nor as delegate to the executive council, but let us hope she means to show just what an ordinary member, the woman in the club, can do about getting things done, when her hands are bound by no sense of what is fitting as president. The refreshing breeze of her broad-minded brain is badly needed.

SOMEBODY has been asking me on what principle vice-presidents are chosen. The query is pertinent or, conversely, impertinent according to the point of view. Should vice-presidents be chosen, the querist continues, as a mark of gratitude for past services, or from a sense of services to come? Are vice-presidents supposed to be figureheads, or live wires, and so forth and so on. Under both counts, should not Lady Denman, Miss Doris Chambers, and Mrs. Philip Hodson be elected to that high office, so that the L.G.U. might have the permanent benefit of their wise and up-to-date experience, instead of only at such moments as the constant retirement of delegates permits, or the needs of co-option ordain? And why, above all people, is not Lady Heathcoat-Amory made a V.P.?

All of which is extremely personal, and not for me to discuss here. No doubt the interlocutor and I will have something to say about it at the L.G.U. dinner on Wednesday, February 8th.

THE "BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

Conditions and entry form will be found *inside* the back cover of this issue.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

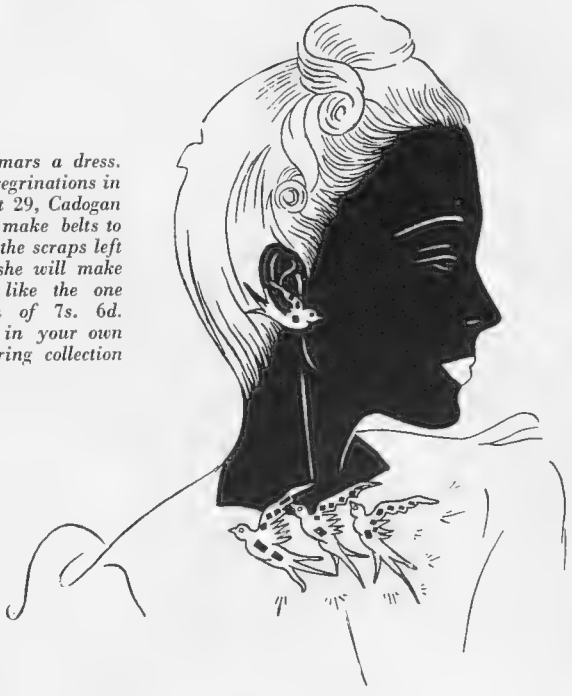
How lucky we are to have the ability to look forward! To think, even as early as February, of the clothes that will be needed for that pre-Easter cruise, those sunny week-ends in the South. Lucky, too, because the shops encourage such day-dreams. Walpole, of New Bond Street, for instance, are well away with their summer suits. A new material of which they are justly proud shows a raised design on a crêpe background. A grand fabric, for it tailors like a suiting—look at the picture—hangs heavily, and on account of its resilience is difficult to crush. The suit in the photograph was made in navy and white, but a terra-cotta version of the same design has a strong following. This firm makes a speciality of these "here-and-there" suits. Half their charm is their versatility. This one is shown with town accessories; a Walpole hat in navy pedal straw with a taffeta brim, but one can imagine how attractive the same outfit will look on shore trips or by the sea. Indeed, at 98s. 6d. it seems a suit that few women can afford to overlook

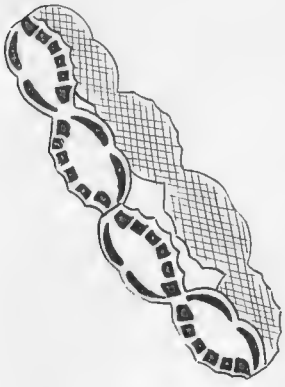
When "motoring" means an open car and a gale that no windscreen can divert, how pleasant to undo the hand-knitted trimming of your beret and tie it warmly over your ears. Scott, of 1, Old Bond Street, make this beret in felt. For ordinary wear the shaped knitted "streamers" are slotted on the front of the beret

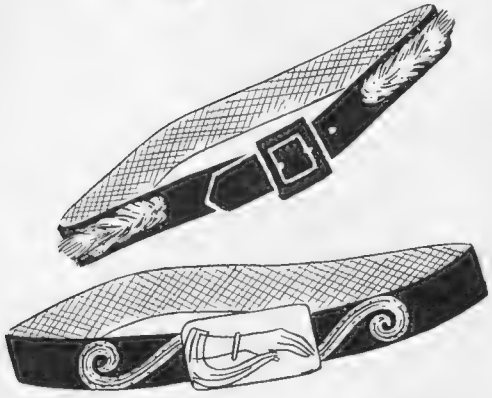
discovered by pelta
pictured by pann

in search of novelties

A belt, we realise, often makes or mars a dress. So we were pleased to find, on our peregrinations in Sloane Square, The Fashion Mart, at 29, Cadogan Gardens, where Miss Barnett will make belts to customers' own specifications. From the scraps left over from shortening a fur coat she will make a handsome leather and fur belt like the one in the sketch for the small sum of 7s. 6d. The other two belts can be made in your own colours, and come from her new spring collection







A flight of swallows across the front of your dress, matched in an earring by the swallow which doesn't make a summer. Estelle Kelway, of 41, Craven Road, W.2, has them all in gilt, inset with square "diamonds." The brooch is 27s. 6d.; earrings, 15s. The "Marquise" set shown on the right is for grand occasions. In gilt with a dull patina and set with large "rubies," it has the look of an heirloom, but at a price no heirloom could achieve

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Charles E. Brown

The winter-sporting season being now at its height, Swissair is flying to capacity between London and Zurich, with a shuttle service to Samedan. It was just a year ago that this aerodrome for St. Moritz was opened

National Service in the Air

By Charles Ward

Aviation For All

PILOTS, navigators, engineers, aerodrome managers and control officers are amongst those exempt from enrolment in the National Service Register. Their jobs in time of emergency are of first importance to the State, but thousands more are needed to act as a reserve. The Air Ministry's bureau of information has been transferred to a prominent position in Adastral House, Kingsway, where particulars will be available, not only about Civil aviation, but of the opportunities for service in the R.A.F. and all auxiliary branches. Recruiting for service in the air, and for anything to do with aviation, is increasing every day. We are still a long way behind possible rivals, mainly due to a late start, with the consequent shortage of training aircraft. Other contributory factors are the British weather, which, in turn, makes of the average British aerodrome a quagmire in winter, a shortage of instructors and the high cost of flying in the past. We cannot alter the weather, but we can spend wisely on adequate drainage. The shortage of aircraft and instructors will be remedied to a large extent by the time spring comes. As for the cost of flying, through the Civil Air Guard scheme, it is within the reach of all.

Flying Guards Now 1400

THE Commissioners of the C.A.G. met during last month to review progress since September. About fourteen hundred Guards had received "A" licences and a further 3500 were under instruction, having passed the medical examination. Sixty clubs are participating in the scheme, using 330 aircraft. The "Link Trainer," a mechanical device that can be installed in a hangar or lecture room, is being pressed into service in order to select likely candidates and speed up the instructional period. Members are being classified and some will be lucky enough to graduate on R.A.F. types in the near future. During December, one new flying licence was awarded for every hour of daylight in the month. There has been a request for extending the ten-hour period allowed by the Air Ministry for learning to fly at cheap rates. Comparing this with the average time occupied during training from 1914 to 1918, ten hours seem adequate, but tuition is now more thorough, aircraft are faster and more complicated, so that a longer period is advisable. The number of training crashes is very much lower than it used to be, though this is due in part to the amazing reliability of the Gipsy, the Cirrus and other light engines. It is known that Germany's effort to secure priority in the air is being made with the sacrifice of many lives, due to rush methods in the matters of aircraft construction and a shorter period of training.

Jobs for Women

WOMEN have proved their ability to fly in competition with men, and although the percentage which attains a high standard of skill is small, there are many jobs for women pilots to fill. Ten are qualified to instruct, and some hundreds should be available who could act as ferry pilots and for domestic transport duties by the end of the year. Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson, who founded the Women's Air Reserve at Romford, teaches both men and women to fly. Other instructors include Miss Mona Friedlander, Mrs. Winifred Crossley, who is also an exhibition stunt pilot of considerable skill, and Miss P. M. Spiller. There is every opportunity to-day for the alleged weaker sex to learn to fly and play an important part in the air defence of the country.

H. V. Menken, the American movie camera-man who has been filming the war in China, flew to England recently from Hong Kong by Imperial Airways. He is seen here on the promenade of "Capella," one of the Empire flying-boats

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's new-style triangle makes bright entertainment, not entirely satisfying; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—A grim psychological thriller by the author of *Rope*; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Dennis Arundell and Milton Rosmer: Apollo, 8.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success has Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HER LITTLE LADYSHIP.—Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker in a story of young wife and old husband: Strand, 8.30.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.—A romantic comedy with Leon M. Lion, Wilfrid Lawson, Eva Moore: Garrick, 8.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—John Gielgud, Leon Quartermaine, Edith Evans, Angela Baddeley in Wilde's comedy: Globe, Feb. 2, 6, 7; 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—George Benson as Tony Lumpkin, Ursula Jeans, Edward Chapman, Margaret Yarde; swift production by Guthrie: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Thomann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEY DRAW A HORSE.—Lilian Braithwaite and Diana Churchill clash in their ideas about bringing up a child: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Medliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE WESTERN CHAMBER.—S. I. Hsiung's new play is from the thirteenth-century Chinese: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto.: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 1—February 7

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto.: Covent Garden, 7.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.0.

REVUDEVILLE No. 115.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Birthday Girl

Revudeville at the Windmill Theatre sets out on its eighth year next Saturday, with a gala performance of No. 115 and a dance to follow. Also celebrating her seventh birthday in Vivian Van Damm's clever show is Meggie Eaton, who has risen from youngest chorus girl to leading lady

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

NORA.—Slightly altered version of *The Doll's House* with Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring: Duke of York's, Fri., 3rd.

WORTH A MILLION.—A farce with Ruby Miller, Edmund Gwenn, Claude Hulbert: Saville, Thurs., 2nd.

CINEMAS

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (American).—James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in a fine, fresh old-style thriller: Warner.

THE CITADEL (British).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

CONFLIT (French).—Corinne Luchaire and Annie Ducaux in a story of sisters at war: Carlton.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a straightforward boy-meets-girl story: Gaumont.

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (American).—Claud Rains, the three Lane Sisters and Gale Page in a love and music mayonnaise: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION (American).—Actor's life and struggles with Adolphe Menjou and Andrea Leeds: Odeon.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (American).—Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, in a Hollywood Versailles overwhelmed by revolution: Tivoli.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film is faithful—too faithful—to the Gilbert and Sullivan stage standard; magnificent technicolour: Leicester Square.

OLD BONES OF THE RIVER (British).—Will Hay's newest film, with Graham Moffatt, is a take-off of Edgar Wallace's Sanders: New Gallery.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A sombre and gripping drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Plaza.

SUBMARINE PATROL (American).—Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly in this: Regal.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST WITH BALLET.—Wed., 1st, 8.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS (gala performance).—Thurs., 2nd, 8.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 3rd, 8.

CASSE-NOISETTE, NOCTURNE.—Sat., 4th, 2.30.

SNOW MAIDEN.—Sat., 4th, 7.45.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Mon., 6th, 8.30.

BARABAU, APPARITIONS, PATINEURS.—Tues., 7th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

IDA HAENDEL.—The young violinist in a recital: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 2nd, 8.30.

LÉNER QUARTET.—Wigmore Hall, Sat., 4th, 3.

LAMOND.—The pianist in a Beethoven recital: Palladium, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

Concerts

B.B.C.—Boult conducts, May Blyth and Paul Beard are soloists in a Schubert, Alban Berg and Strauss programme: Queen's Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY.—The L.P.O. in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

SUNDAY POP.—Charles Hambourg conducts the L.S.O. in Bizet, Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Moussorgsky, Liszt's piano concerto in A and Strauss' burlesque for piano and orchestra (Alfred Blumen): Queen's Hall, Sun., 5th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—The L.P.O. under Sargent in Haydn, Francaix, Vaughan Williams, Dvorak's violoncello concerto (Emanuel Feuermann): Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 6th and 7th, 8.15.

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Doreen Butler Henderson

Doreen Butler Henderson is the younger daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler Henderson, of Faccombe Manor, Andover; her fiancé is John Gordon Wordsworth, elder son of the Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Wordsworth, of The Rectory, Coddenham, Ipswich

Pearl Freeman

Yvonne Shenton

Yvonne Eleanor Mutch Shenton, daughter of Sir William and Lady Shenton, of 3, The Boltons, S.W.10, has announced her engagement to Cecil Edward Sanford Barclay, son of the late Sir Colville Barclay, and Lady Vansittart, of Denham Place, Bucks.

Kay Vaughan

Bridget Anne Courage

Bridget Anne Courage is the youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Courage, of Edgcote, Banbury, Oxon., and has announced her engagement to R. A. Archer-Shee, 10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Martin Archer-Shee and Lady Archer-Shee

Vandyk

Diana Renshaw

Diana Renshaw is the late Arthur Renshaw and Lady Winifred Renshaw's daughter; she is engaged to James Murray Carnegie, son of the late Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie and Lady Carnegie, of 57, Cadogan Square, S.W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

Rosamond Legard

Rosamond Legard, only daughter of Sir Digby and Lady Legard, of Quarry Bank, Malton, Yorks., is to marry Paul Cayley, only son of Admiral G. C. Cayley, C.B., of Lower Treworder, Egloshayle, Wadebridge, Cornwall

Fayer

Mary Gloria Congreve

Mary Gloria Congreve is the only daughter of the late Major W. La T. Congreve, V.C., and the Hon. Mrs. William Fraser, of the British Embassy, Paris; she is engaged to William Stevenson, eldest son of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., and Lady Stephenson

Lenare

Joan Margarette Easton

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Easton, of 44, Orchard Court, W.1, and Cooden Beach, Sussex; she is to marry Nico Hofmeyr Bartman, of 5, Harley Street, W.1, son of the late Professor A. B. Bartman and Mrs. Bartman, of Stellenbosch, S.A.

Kay Vaughan

Diana Dickinson

Is the daughter of the late James Dickinson, K.C., and the late Lady Sempill, and granddaughter of Sir John Lavery, of 5, Cromwell Place, S.W.7; her fiancé is William Digby Blackwood, R.T.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blackwood, of Boreham Holt, Elstree

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Stokes

Is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Vaughan A. P. Stokes, of 4, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7, and is engaged to Lieut. David Keith Seth-Smith, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Seth-Smith, of Upton Grey Lodge, Basingstoke

Knight — Carnegy

Cyril Herbert Knight, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Knight, of 62, Princess Road, Westbourne, and Rachel Alexandra Carnegy, only daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Carnegy, of Cowarne Lodge, Bournemouth, and granddaughter of the late General Alexander Carnegy, were married at St. Stephen's, Bournemouth

Bishop — Eyston

Charles Richard Neville Bishop, only son of F. C. Bishop, and the late Mrs. Bishop, of Shipton Hall, Salop, and Margaret Mary Eyston, daughter of the late J. J. Eyston, and Mrs. Eyston, of New House, Kingston Bagpuize, Berks., were married at Brompton Oratory

Rawlins — Delmé-Radcliffe

Captain John Walter Rawlins, Northamptonshire Regiment, elder son of Major and Mrs. Rawlins, of Shelbourne, Lansdown Road, Cheltenham, and Elizabeth Joan Delmé-Radcliffe, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. Delmé-Radcliffe, and Mrs. Delmé-Radcliffe, of 30, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W., were married at All Saints', Fulham

Rowley-Conwy — Murphy

Geoffrey Alexander Rowley-Conwy, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Major G. Rowley-Conwy, and Mrs. Rowley-Conwy, of Pendinas, St. Asaph, and Ruth St. John Murphy, daughter of Albert St. J. Murphy and the late Mrs. Murphy, of the Island House, Little Island, Co. Cork, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Dean — Pidduck

Geoffrey Carter Dean, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dean, of Trearddur Bay, Anglesey, and Tiresford, Tarporley, Cheshire, and Gwendoline Joyce Pidduck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Staley Pidduck, of Corbrook Court, Audlem, Cheshire, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Brooke-Hitching — Gill

Desmond Brooke-Hitching and Gloria Gill were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. His parents are Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. M. Brooke-Hitching, of 3, Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8; and hers are Mr. and Mrs. B. Franklin Gill, of Oklahoma City, U.S.A.

GO

(not to be confused with starting).

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Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of three tablets, **2/-**. *Single tablets,* **8d.**

"Excuse me, Sir, but is everything all right?"

"Hawkins, what the devil are you getting at?"

"Well, Sir, we heard the thumps coming from your bedroom, and a certain amount of plaster has fallen on the breakfast table. We feared you were walking in your sleep."

"That's all right, Hawkins. I was only indulging in a spot of exercise."

"Er — yes, Sir. Of course."

"Don't look so disbelieving. I know I was out rather late last night, but what of it? I've found a new drink. I've discovered gin and Rose's Lime Juice."

"I trust you found it palatable, Sir."

"Gosh, mum, it's scrumptious, as those remarkable small boys say in the advertisements. In fact, this gin and Rose's is not too bad at all."

"It has certainly left you in excellent spirits, Sir. No—er — morning after, if I may judge from appearances."

"You're positively seething with intuition this morning, Hawkins. And now, action, if you please. Obtain numerous bottles of this Rose's Lime Juice. And do it now."

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, March 18th and Sunday, March 19th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 4th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

I enclose a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*) .....

Do not send your entrance fee. It should be paid when you get your card at Weston-super-Mare G.C.

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, The Lea, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke, Hants.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston - super - Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

FIVE LITTLE GIRLS WENT TO MARKET!

If ever there was a romance to big business, it is the history of the world-famous Dionne Quintuplets. According to the Government Travel Bureau at Ottawa, American tourists spend an average of £4,000,000 every year travelling through Canada to visit the Dionne Quintuplets. If we capitalize this annual expenditure at a modest 4 per cent., the Quints may be put down as the Dominion's fourth largest industrial enterprise, with a minimum capital value of £100,000,000!

That without consideration for the fact that in the fifty-odd months of their existence they have also been responsible for the rebuilding of their native town, for the saving of a nearby city from municipal bankruptcy, for the building of over 100 miles of modern roads, for a boom increase in real estate values approximating over £1,000,000, for the taking of hundreds off the relief rolls, for a yearly personal expenditure, in food, clothing and staff salaries of over £5,000, and finally for another odd £1,000,000 that is invested in businesses subsidiary and dependent on their existence.

Few, if any, enterprises have been built to such colossal and far-reaching proportions in so short a space of time, and, without meaning to be facetious, none have sprung from such small beginnings. If ever there was romance to Big Business, it is in the history of the Quints, who first saw the light of day in Callander, Ontario, on May 28, 1934.

Well known now is the epic history of that first day, when tousle-haired, phlegmatic little Doc Dafoe found himself faced with one of Nature's rarest jokes — the birth of five humans at one delivery. Of how he packed his charges between cotton-wool, in a receptacle that had served both as clothes and dog basket in its time, and kept them miraculously alive with a fountain-pen filler for feeding purposes and a solitary hot-water bottle as his heating apparatus. . . .

In this interesting article Arthur Phillips not only gives the life story of the Dionne Quints, but also describes the romance of big business which lies behind their life.

READ THESE, TOO . . .

A LIFE FOR A DEATH
By C. Patrick Thompson
Should a murderer die? Views are changing on this question as this brilliant article shows . . you, too, may change your opinion.

SHIPS OF THE SEVEN SEAS
By Negley Farson
This inveterate globe-trotter's reminiscences of ships and people from luxury liner to paddle-wheeler make interesting reading and will hold your interest to the end.

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER
By Ernest Betts
So few know the sacrifice necessary to become a "G.P."—the financial question as well as the unlimited patience and unselfishness required every day of the year. Here is the story of the "G.P."

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